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LITERATURE.

History of the Papacy during the Reformation.
By Mandell Creighton. Vols. III. and IV. (Longmans.)

THE two previous volumes of Prof. Creighton's *History of the Papacy* covered the period between the beginning of the Western schism—the point which the author chose for departure on his long inquiry into Reformation history—and the publication of the Bull "Execrabilis" by Pope Pius II. in 1460, twenty-three years before Luther was born.

Prof. Creighton's brilliant and vigorous narrative showed us the rise of the conciliar principle, and contemporaneously with the conciliar principle the growth of the national idea, the support given to the conciliar principle by France, the establishment of the pragmatic sanction, and, in general, the compulsive and binding power which this principle exercised upon the papacy, forming its policy and giving unity and cohesion to the action of the popes. The failure of the Councils of Constance and Basel to reform the Church, the withdrawal of Sigismund from Basel after the settlement of Bohemia, and the consequent collapse of that council, led to the restoration of the papal prestige under Eugenius. A seal was set to this triumph when Pius II. published his bull "Execrabilis," declaring appeal to a future council to bear, *ipso facto*, excommunication. Although the publication of "Execrabilis" was a death-blow to the value of councils as weapons against the papacy, the conciliar idea did not immediately expire. We find Heimburch still arguing that, as the body of the Apostles was above St. Peter, so a council is above a pope; and that if appeal can lie to a future pope, *sede vacante*, it can also lie to a council not yet summoned. George Podiebrad, of Bohemia, adopted and urged these arguments in his struggle with Paul II.; Florentine canonists framed an appeal to a future council against Sixtus IV., after the Pazzi conspiracy and the papal interdict which followed it; Andrew, Archbishop of Krain, held a general council all by himself in Basel—an event which is chiefly remarkable as showing that the pope could be seriously alarmed by such a farce; and, finally, we have the ineffectual council of Pisa-Milan-Lyons summoned against the pope, and answered sufficiently by the Lateran Council summoned by the pope. But the fact remains that the power of councils against the pope was virtually destroyed by national separation, jealousy, and selfishness, which resulted in the triumph of papal prestige, whose monument is the bull "Execrabilis."

The two volumes which are now before us

cover the years 1464 to 1518, and take us through the papacies of Paul II., Innocent VIII., Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Pius III., Julius II., and Leo X. They bring us down to the close of the Lateran Council and the abolition of the pragmatic sanction in France. The pragmatic sanction was a result of the conciliar movement, and its abolition looked like the final triumph of the papacy over the hostile conciliar principle; but, as a matter of fact, it was the King of France, and not the pope, who reaped the solid advantages of that act. The period of fifty-four years dealt with in these volumes brings the reader to the threshold of the Reformation. The papacy has not yet come into collision with Luther—is in fact ignorant of the storm that is brewing beyond the Alps; and so these volumes belong to what may properly be called the introduction to Prof. Creighton's great undertaking.

The main thread upon which the history of these seven pontiffs is strung is described by Prof. Creighton himself. The triumph of the papacy over the conciliar principle, and the restoration of papal prestige, left the popes with no binding and unifying policy—no policy which was the policy of the Church they ruled as distinguished from the policy of the individual men who ruled it. The questions now were these—What attitude should the papacy assume, first towards the politics of the age; and, secondly, towards the new learning, the revival of the arts, the intellectual and spiritual movement of the age? The answer to these questions is the subject of the volumes before us. The period is a difficult one. There is confusion present everywhere. Confusion wrought in Italian politics by the selfishness of Italian princes, and by the substitution of cleverness for principle. Confusion wrought in Europe by the birth and growth of the national idea, and by the influx of the ancient, highly organised, and sceptical spirit of Italy upon Northern Europe, when invasion had broken the flask and liberated the perfume. Confusion wrought in the minds of men by the attack on the foundations of dogma and of ethics which resulted from the discovery and spread of pagan philosophy. In the political region the obvious tendency of the papacy during this period was towards secularisation. The popes sought to become Italian princes as well as heads of the Church, and used their spiritual position to forward their worldly aims. The whole of this process is admirably set forth by Canon Creighton. Indeed, nothing seems to us better in these two volumes than the author's calm and clear grasp of external political movement. The kernel of the political situation is given to the reader briefly, lucidly, and with a pungency of diction which impresses it upon the mind. This secularising tendency made itself felt first in Sixtus IV. His predecessor, Paul II., was a strong though not a constructive pope. But Sixtus seems to have felt that the perpetual incapacity of the papacy to organise and carry out a crusade was the result of its lack of a temporal arm. He accordingly determined to create for the papacy a sovereign state. To simony in his election he added nepotism as a political principle. He did not hesitate to corrupt the college and to create a principality for his

nephews. But Sixtus was merely tentative in his policy. He did not carry out his principle to its due conclusion. The states he created were created for his own family—for his nephews, not for the Church. Alexander followed the same lines in even bolder guise. His schemes for Cesare Borgia were far more ambitious than anything Sixtus proposed. But the greatness of Cesare awakened alarm. It showed the dangerous tendency of the Sixtine or family policy in the head of the Church; for Cesare inspired the belief that he contemplated making the pope dependent on the holder of the principality he was creating, not the principality dependent on the pope as head of the Church. The alarm which this policy aroused among the cardinals led to the election of the gentle and short-lived Pius III. When Julius II. ascended the throne the Sixtine or family idea of nepotism was abandoned; and the secularising tendency was directed to the creation of states for the Church, not states for the nephews or family of a pope.

The result of Sixtus's policy was threefold. It induced, inside the Church, indifference to spiritual things. Churchmen became too busy with the affairs of this world to be able to give much thought to those of the next. This indifference inside the Church induced and justified cynicism outside the Church—laid the Church open to attack, to criticism of its spiritual claims, and frequently to scorn for its temporal attitude. Thirdly, Sixtus's personal and family policy, pursued so eagerly by Alexander, tended to rob papal politics of continuity. The popes were mortal; and it was inevitable that a nepotising pope's achievements should be undone by his nepotising successor. This want of sequence makes itself felt in the disjointed history of the time. Julius corrected the defect of excessive individualism which marked the policy of Sixtus and Alexander. Julius created the states of the Church; and it is probable that, had the Reformation not come to interrupt them, subsequent popes would have devoted their lives and their energies to the extension of those states. Prof. Creighton argues that the creation of the states of the Church was not an unmixed evil, "was by no means an unworthy or unnecessary work"; that a papacy corrupt in itself and without the prestige of temporal power and dominion might have been swept away in the storm of the Reformation, or reduced to the "primitive condition of an Italian bishoprick"; that the states of the Church were a rock to which the Church might cling until the tempest was overpast, by which it might steady itself until it was ready to undertake the counter reformation. The fact does not admit of dispute, but the necessity of it rests on fatalism. "The Reformation would have taken place in some way or another, even if the popes had stood aloof from Italian politics." Very likely; but the way in which the Reformation took place could not fail to be of paramount importance to the Church; and we think that the way in which it actually did take place was largely determined by the secularising policy of the popes. It seems to us probable that but for the states of the Church, but for the mundane attitude of the papacy, the Church

would never have been exposed to the losses of a schismatic reformation. If the popes had addressed themselves to the purification of the Church—and there was not wanting a party in the college ready to support them in such a policy—instead of devoting their attention to the acquisition of the Marches, Forlì, Imola, Mirandola, Ferrara, Piacenza, the Reformation might have taken an Italian and not a foreign complexion, and that would have made an incalculable difference to its general results. For when the popes adopted a secular policy and became Italian princes, their universal and world-wide position as heads of the Church did much to call the attention of foreign princes to the politics of the peninsula. Foreign invasion took place, and our author has admirably summed up the general results of such invasion: (1) lowering the sanctity of the papacy; (2) proving Italy feeble, corrupt, and therefore an easy prey; (3) spreading the doctrines of balance of power and statecraft beyond the borders of Italy; (4) diffusing the Renaissance spirit of scepticism, free thought and enjoyment of life among the nations of Northern Europe—each and all of these results preparing the way for the Reformation, and determining the complexion it should assume. Prof. Creighton might answer no doubt that events did not happen so, and we must not go beyond the events. The fatalist always has the enormous advantage of the facts on his side; but we are not convinced that speculation must be entirely forbidden to the historian. The creation of the states of the Church may have been no unworthy or unnecessary work judged from the standpoint of the moment; but it seems to us to have been a mistaken work. We have followed the general thread of history which runs through these two volumes; and the story is told by Prof. Creighton with such vigour, such brilliancy, such fullness of detail, and such mastery of material, that we read it with a deep, and sometimes with a breathless, interest.

The other question for the papacy, newly restored by "Execrabilis," was its attitude towards the intellectual and artistic movement of the time. Both branches of the subject are dealt with by our author. We prefer his treatment of the philosophers to his treatment of the artists; but we must remember that in a work of this nature it was not necessary to do more than indicate the artists in their proper places. The reader can always and easily supplement his knowledge on that point from the copious histories of Renaissance art. Prof. Creighton justly points out that the root difficulty of the Church face to face with the Renaissance lay in the fact that the Renaissance had no dogmas, was not a creed, was an attitude of mind, and nothing more. This point is, of course, most apparent in the intellectual region. And on this subject we get an admirable account of Paul II. and his quarrel with the literary fraternity, which has helped to rob his character of that high appreciation which was its due. We are also given the story of Pomponius Laetus and the Roman Academy; an excellent summary of the Platonists earlier and later, Gemistos Plethon and Ficino; and, finally, an analysis of Pomponazzo's position, in the course of which the

attitude of the Church towards philosophic scepticism is thus condensed:

"Provided that he [Pomponazzo] recognised the right of the Church to decide upon the true contents of Christian doctrine, he was at liberty to speculate freely upon the philosophic questions which those doctrines contained."

The criticism on this attitude given in the two following sections is admirable, as showing how the Church's position cut at the root of enthusiasm on either side; and, separating faith from its demonstration and justification in acts, made the "pyrrhoniste accompli chretien soumis" a possible attitude for the Christian mind.

It is not possible for us to criticise Prof. Creighton's work in detail that would require an erudition as profound and an acquaintance with authorities as extensive as that of the writer himself. Canon Creighton's choice and use of authorities is admirable and critical to a high degree. He is far above any emotional bias, equally far removed from party prepossessions. One of the most valuable lessons to be learned from the study of his work is the judicial method he adopts towards original authorities. He cites them to the bar and requires evidence in their favour. He will not accept *in toto* Platina against Paul II., or Burchard or Infessura against Paul's successors. The consequence is that such popes as Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI. appear in a more favourable light than they have ever done before in history. All that can possibly be said for them—and, perhaps, a little more—is urged in their favour. There is, however, a danger and a drawback in this criticism of contemporary, and frequently sole, authorities. If criticism destroys the weight of these authorities upon one point, that tends to weaken their weight upon all points. It leaves the historian open to eclecticism. He may pick and choose the information that suits him. This is a special temptation when the characters of actors in history, and not the facts of history themselves, are under discussion. We do not mean to say that Prof. Creighton has yielded to this temptation; on the contrary, his judgments seem to us to carry conviction, to be unusually fair, balanced, and impartial in most cases. But one of the most remarkable features of his work is the restoration of character to so many of these popes, though we cannot help feeling, at times, a slight doubt as to the validity of such large rejections and such extensive rehabilitation. On the treatment of diplomatic documents the author lays down in the preface an admirable canon of criticism:

"Really," he says, "an ambassador requires as much criticism as a chronicler. The political intelligence of the man himself, the source of his information in each case, the object which he and his government had in view, the interest which others had in deceiving him—these and other considerations have to be carefully weighed."

That is quite true. There is danger of a sort of idolatry of diplomatic documents springing up. Current popular opinion as expressed in a chronicle or a news-letter frequently takes a juster, because a wider, view of a situation than the view which presented itself to the diplomatist, who was subject to prepossessions and liable to be purposely misinformed.

It has been urged against Prof. Creighton's general method, against his attitude towards his subject, that he "cleaves to the outer husk of fact," and, "abiding by things apparent, fears to insist on dim germs, or undercurrents and elements in solution, which are only visible to the discerning eye." We hardly think that criticism is merited. Prof. Creighton is not writing a philosophical history of the spiritual movement which led up to the Reformation. But we feel that in the calm impartial narrative of events which he lays before the reader, the undercurrent, of which those events are the evidence, is sufficiently made clear. It is quite true that the author seldom stops to reflect, to moralise, to draw philosophic deductions, but he makes his reader understand the moral and draw the conclusion all the same. Whether he has taken into account all the antecedents of the Reformation is another question. Perhaps it is too early to decide; but, under any circumstances, the events which he has chosen to narrate tell their own tale and prove their sequent connexion with each other as the story moves along. In fact, Canon Creighton has fulfilled the desideratum expressed by the brilliant author of *Obiter Dicta*:

"The true historian, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts . . . ; and as for a moral, if he tell his story well, it will need none."

This is just what Prof. Creighton has done. He has told his story well, and the moral is there for those who read. Doubtless there is another kind of history; but this is the kind which Prof. Creighton has adopted, and we cannot quarrel with him for not being what he distinctly never aimed at being.

The literary charm of this work is very great. There is a freshness and frankness in the style, a directness and vigour of diction, together with touches of dry humour every now and then, which delight the reader and carry him over the interminable ins and outs of papal and Italian intrigue. The book is as fascinating as a romance; and yet there is never for a moment a suspicion that strict and rigid accuracy has been sacrificed to picturesque effect. Prof. Creighton claims sobriety for his work. He has proved that sobriety is to the full as delightful as intoxication. The brilliant character-sketches which are scattered through these pages form not the smallest attraction in the work. We have not forgotten the engaging personality of Cesarini, or the fascinating portrait of Aeneas Silvius, given to us in the previous volumes; and the power of portraiture is not less remarkable in the volumes now before us. The true and vigorous nature of Paul II.; the frank impetuosity, the eager zest, the capacious enjoyment of Alexander VI.; the headlong fierceness of Julius II.; the smooth suppleness of Leo X.—the smiling pope—all stand before us in strong outlines and vivid colour.

Prof. Creighton has now reached the threshold of his main subject. We eagerly wait the continuation of his history of the papacy. As far as it has gone his book is a model of method, and a work of which English scholarship and English literature may be proud.

H. F. BROWN.

Final Memorials of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Edited by Samuel Longfellow. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

MR. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW has supplemented with this volume of "final memorials" the valuable biography of his brother which he gave to the world last year. These memorials consist chiefly of journals and correspondence relating to the last fifteen years of the poet's life—a period, the story of which, the editor explains, was not given in the biography with the same fullness of detail as the earlier portions "through fear of unduly increasing the size of the work." Letters and reminiscences of earlier date, for which there was not room in the biography, are also given, together with other interesting items—fragments of verse, table-talk, and so forth. Several portraits of Longfellow and pictures of his house and library add to the value of the work. These miscellaneous records will be welcome to Longfellow's friends. They show him in all sorts of pleasant aspects, and in some ways give a truer idea, even than the biography itself, of the man as he really was: they seem to bring us nearer to him.

Had ever any man so many friends as Longfellow—friends who knew him personally, and numberless others who never saw or spoke with him, yet knew and loved him almost as well through his books as if they had been accustomed to meet him face to face? Soon after Carlyle's death an intelligent reading man, who knew Chesterfield's Letters and Pope's *Essay on Man* almost by heart, met me and asked for some information about "that Scotch philosopher" who had lately died, he could not remember the name. The story may be true of the bookseller in California who wrote to a London publishing house to know if they had heard of some poems by a Mr. Milton that, he understood, had been lately published. It is even possible to suppose that there are persons somewhere who know nothing about Shakspeare. But who has not heard of Longfellow, and not only heard of him but read at least some of his verses? One instance of his popularity may be given from the memorials, as a type of many others recorded here and elsewhere:

"A lady relates that, passing one day a jeweller's window in New York, her attention was arrested by hearing from a crowd gathered before it a voice in unmistakable brogue 'Shure and that's for 'Hiawatha.'" The speaker was a ragged Irish labourer, unshaven and unshorn. She looked and saw a silver boat with the figure of an Indian standing in the prow. 'That must be,' said the speaker, 'for a presentation to the poet Longfellow; thim two lines cut on the side of the boat is from his poetry.' 'That is fame,' said the friend to whom she told the story."

Sometimes the evidences of Longfellow's fame were less gratifying. He met in the street an Irish mason who said, "I am glad to speak to a poet. I have meself a brother in the port who is a drunkard and a poet." He must have been overburdened sometimes with visitors who came to see the object of their worship, or oftener, perhaps, to exhibit their own literary wares or to enable themselves to boast that they had spoken with him. Yet he was very tolerant. "His simple and beautiful courtesy," writes Mr. F. H. Underwood, "made every caller think himself a friend."

Then there was the autograph nuisance, an annoyance for which Longfellow had himself to blame to a great extent, by his too ready acquiescence. He seems to have been always willing to comply with such requests, saying, on one occasion, "If so little a thing will give pleasure, how can one refuse?" One gentleman wrote for "your autograph in your own handwriting." A lady sent him a hundred blank cards with the request that he would write his name on each, as she wished to distribute them among her guests at a party she was giving on his birthday. Whether or not he complied with this wholesale demand is not recorded. The iron pen, the chair made from the "spreading chesnut tree," and other public tokens of his popularity are well known. Numerous other signs of regard reached him, in his later years, on every birthday from correspondents young and old, known and unknown. The very last letter he ever wrote was to a young lady to thank her for some verses she had written on one such occasion.

Interesting glimpses of Longfellow's literary tastes are to be had, here and there, in passages from his journals, such as—

"Read Mrs. Radcliffe's novel *The Romance of the Forest*. Was this the sensation novel of the last generation? How feeble it seems!"

This was in 1867. A few days later he records:

"Read Erckmann-Chatrain's pretty novel *Le Blocus*. There is a great charm about the style; very simple and sweet in tone. Always, even in depicting war, preaches the gospel of peace."

Another day he had been reading Rabelais, "which, I confess, wearies me"; and after reading the "Frogs" of Aristophanes he "was struck with the thought that it was a good introduction for the second part of 'Faust.'" He notes about Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* that "it is a wonderful book, but with the old dull pain in it that runs through all Hawthorne's writings." Readers of his beautiful memorial poem of the great novelist will recall the lines in which he gives utterance to the same feeling:

"I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

"I only hear 'above his place of rest
The tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own."

Longfellow had one or two sharp things to say about critics:

"Many critics are like woodpeckers, who, instead of enjoying the fruit and shadow of a tree, hop incessantly around the trunk, pecking holes in the bark to discover some little worm or other."

Yet even critics, he found, had their good points. "Hiawatha" when it appeared was attacked by them pretty severely; and Fields, his publisher, after reading something more than ordinarily savage, went in some excitement to see the poet. "By the way," said Longfellow, "how is the book selling?" "Enormously; we are running presses night and day to fill the orders," was the reply. "Then," responded Longfellow, "don't you think we had better let these critics go on advertising it?"

The letters here given include a few from Emerson, Clough, Hawthorne, Dickens, and

Dean Stanley; and many to and from Sumner, Fields, and Longfellow's life-long friend, G. W. Greene. There is an extract from one written by Sir E. J. Reed giving the eminent shipbuilder's opinion of the poem "The Building of the Ship." It is interesting to know that the practical man considered it "the finest poem on shipbuilding that ever was or probably ever will be written." Incidentally we learn that Hawthorne regarded Thoreau as

"a man of thought and originality, with a certain iron-pokerishness, an uncompromising stiffness in his mental character which is interesting, though it grows rather wearisome on close and frequent acquaintance."

In another letter, written in England in 1854, Hawthorne says: "A man of individuality and refinement can certainly live far more comfortably here—provided he has the means to live at all—than in New England;" to which the editor appends a note—"It must be remembered that this letter speaks of England thirty years ago"; but he does not make it clear whether he means that England has since declined in this respect or that New England has advanced.

The book, it will be seen, is very interesting. The only unsatisfactory part of it is the Index, which, being incomplete, is misleading.

WALTER LEWIN.

Scientific Theism. By Francis Ellingwood Abbot. (Macmillan.)

So many of our current systems of philosophy are deliberately negative or destructive that one which aims at being positive and constructive ought, if only for that reason, to be hailed with satisfaction. So many, moreover, of our thinkers are Idealists and recognise no knowledge outside their consciousness that one which starts with the assumption of an external universe existing *per se* must be welcomed as, at least, a novelty. On both these grounds Dr. Abbot's scheme of thought has a decided claim to recognition as a striking contribution to current philosophy. It is a protest against the extremes of Idealism, on the one hand, and a purely materialistic Realism, on the other. So far, it is compromise between antagonistic schools—a kind of *via media* in philosophy, aptly styled Scientific Theism. It attempts to take from contemporary science much that it values, especially its blind, mindless, mechanical theories, and it gives to science, what philosophy will certainly grudge it, objective reality independent of the thinking subject. Similarly, it gives back to theism the teleology and monistic character of which modern science has robbed it; but it takes from theism a personal Deity in any commonly received sense of personality. From this brief sketch of its purport, the reader conversant with philosophy will at once perceive that whatever other qualities may be lacking to Dr. Abbot's scheme courage is not among them. His aim is nothing less than an entire reversal of commonly received conclusions in science and philosophy. Happily his task is facilitated by its opportune character. The world of thought it seems has long been in labour with his new doctrine, and awaiting Dr. Abbot's

intervention as a skilful "man-midwife." He says:

"These principles will found a philosophy of science embracing not only a radically new theory of knowledge, but also a radically new theory of being. The rapid disintegration of old philosophies, the wide-spread and growing confusion of religious ideas, and the universal mental restlessness which characterises our age, are but the birth-throes of this new philosophy of science" (p. 65).

I cannot help fearing, however, that, in his zealous discharge of his maieutic function, Dr. Abbot has forgotten the alternative contingency as to its issue propounded by the greatest master of his craft—viz., *πότερον εἶδωλον καὶ ψεύδος ἀποστέλλει . . . ἢ διάνοια, ἢ γόνιμὸν τε καὶ ἀληθές*. I suspect most of his fellow thinkers, after a close inspection of "the little stranger," will be inclined to place him in the former of these categories.

The first great drawback of Dr. Abbot's book is its needlessly severe form and its pedantic terminology. The semblance of a rigid mathematical problem, when, as in philosophy, every term employed is capable of more than one rendering, is an elaborate fiction, which may deter the unwary, but has no persuasive power on the veteran thinker. When a reader, coming to the study of a new work, finds himself confronted by such passages as this—

"The Ground Principle of the Philosophised Scientific method is the Infinite Intelligibility of the Universe *per se*. . . Intelligibility is the possession of an Immanent Relational Constitution"—

he is naturally not a little alarmed. He may at once close the book as either beyond his comprehension or as rendering an interesting question needlessly obscure. The pity of it is in this case the greater because Dr. Abbot, spite of his harsh mannerisms and verbal jugglery, by which I mean his presentation of old ideas under new verbal symbols, is a genuine thinker, and has something worth saying on many moot points of science and philosophy.

Another drawback is the hasty supercilious dogmatism which takes small account of opposing theories. Thus, as to the main basis of his system, Dr. Abbot declares:

"An external universe exists *per se*—that is in complete independence of human consciousness so far as its existence is concerned, and man is merely a part of it, and a very subordinate part at that [*sic*]."

Surely it is worse than futile to assert as an unquestionable axiom a proposition which every thinker knows to be one bristling with inconceivabilities. No doubt he will carry the non-thinker along with him. Indeed, his aim often seems to be to propound the conclusions of the unidea'd vulgar as principles of philosophy. All unthinking persons believe that the world—i.e., the world of their consciousness, they can know no other—exists independently of them, and would continue to exist though they ceased to be; but as soon as thinkers try to project this thought-object outside of their consciousness they find the attempt as impossible as trying to discover its reflection behind the looking-glass.

From this unproved and unprovable starting-point—the objective reality of his thought—

Dr. Abbot proceeds to include within the same process of objectivisation the whole external universe. In the final result the thinker and his thought become a part of the objective organism, self-originated, self-evolving, which he terms the universe. The theistic aspect of this universe he formulates in these terms:

"Because as an infinite organism it thus manifests Infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, or thought, feeling, and will, in their infinite fullness, and because these three constitute the essential manifestations of personality, it must be conceived as Infinite Person, Absolute Spirit, Creative Source, and Eternal Home of the derivative finite personalities which depend upon it, but are no less real than itself."

Not without reason Dr. Abbot deprecates the accusation of Pantheism for this scheme. He is not likely to meet with much success in this endeavour. If not Pantheism pure and simple, it is that allied form of it which avoids the deification of matter by insisting on the supremacy of mind, reason, vital energies, &c., and which has been termed Pan-en-theism. In truth, however, Dr. Abbot's scheme abounds with incongruities and self-contradictions of the most palpable kind. To take a single instance: he does not seem to have discerned that the objectivisation of the universe is, *ipso facto*, a materialising process, while the older theory of the subjectivity of human knowledge favours a rational and spiritual origin of the creation. A universe knowable solely by and in mind presupposes mind as its creative and sustaining basis. An universe existing apart from human consciousness may, *so far as we know*, exist apart from all consciousness, and, so far, may be wholly material, and governed solely by those mechanical agencies which Dr. Abbot very properly deprecates. This is by no means the sole objection that besets his scheme of philosophy. Other discrepancies will readily occur to the thoughtful reader, who, however, will find matter for meditation in Dr. Abbot's *Scientific Theism*, provided he is not deterred from perusing it by its too technical form and its airily dogmatic spirit.

JOHN OWEN.

The Poems of K. F. Relaiëff. Translated from the Russian by T. Hart-Davies. (Remington.)

THE author who ventures to publish a translation into English of the poems of Releisëff—or, as we prefer to write the name, Riléyev—is, in many respects, a bold man. To begin with, Russian poetry has never commanded much attention in England, and the writings of Riléyev are unfortunately not much read even by his own countrymen. He is now put on the back shelves with Batiushkov and others. And yet the story of the man's life is so sad and interesting that it ought to draw attention to his poetry, even if it lacked merit, whereas it is far from being of the sort which neither gods nor men nor book-sellers' shops tolerate. In 1825—when only in the thirty-fourth year of his age, a little older than our own Shelley—he was hanged as a *dekabrist*, a name given, as most of our readers will know, to the conspirators of December, who attempted a revolution in Russia when the Emperor Nicholas came to the throne. Riléyev belonged to the category

of political visionaries and enthusiasts. He paid with his life for the folly of this wild and fruitless outbreak, and caused the deaths of many others. The horrors of the scene in St. Isaac's Square at St. Petersburg are not likely to be forgotten.

As a poet he belongs clearly to the Byronic school, once predominant through Europe. The longest of his pieces is on Voïnarovski, the follower of the rebel Mazeppa, who was captured by Peter and condemned to death, but had his sentence commuted into banishment to Siberia, at the intercession of the Empress Catherine. There he lived many years, lapsing—as Mr. Hart-Davies reminds us in his notes—into a complete man of the woods and forgetting the elegant arts which, at one time, had made him the fashionable dandy of Vienna. It was in Siberia that he was visited by the German *savant* Gerard Müller, then making a tour in that country, in the pay of the Russian Government, to study its ethnology and geography. The poet introduces Voïnarovski narrating the events of his past life to Müller, and thus gives us some vigorous Cossack pictures. The exile tells how his young wife made her way out to him, and was accidentally recognised by him, but came only to die from the severity of the climate on the shores of the gloomy Lake Baikal.

"Peace came again, while by my side
Abode my faithful, darling bride;
My fate seemed milder, sorrow's smart
More rarely tore my suffering heart.
But, ah! not long this joy could last,
But like a dream it came and past."

But to us the most touching of the poems of Riléyev is the fragment entitled "Nalevaiko," telling the fate of the Cossack of that name who headed a revolt against the Poles, and was cruelly put to death by them in 1596. Mr. Hart-Davies has rendered with much feeling the words of Nalevaiko to the priest:

"I know full well the direful fate
Which must upon the patriot wait,
Who first dare rise against the foe
And at the tyrant aim the blow.
This is my destined fate—but say
When, when has freedom won her way
Without the blood of martyrs shed,
When none for liberty have bled?
My coming doom I feel and know,
And bless the stroke which lays me low,
And, further, now with joy I meet
My death: to me such end is sweet."

The lines in the original are deeply pathetic, and have as funereal an echo as one of Webster's dirges. It is not a little curious that Riléyev published this fragment in the *Poliarnaiâ-Zvezda* ("Polar Star")—an annual of poetry and prose which he edited—in 1825, the very year of the unfortunate outbreak. He seemed to have a presentiment of his own fate, just as Pushkin had when he described the duel of Oniégin and Lenski.

Mr. Hart-Davies has accomplished his task with spirit and fidelity; and he deserves the thanks of the English public for introducing to them a Russian author, who, although not in the front rank of poets, yet always writes with elegance and taste, and attaches a weird interest to his compositions by his strange visionary life and terrible fate. Many of the *dumy*—a term borrowed from the legendary poems of the Malo-Russians—are good. Some of these Mr. Hart-Davies has translated; among others, the tale of Ivan Susánin, who

is said to have saved the life of the Tzar Michael, by a noble act of self-sacrifice, when he was on the point of being killed by the Poles. This pretty story, however, which has also formed the subject of a well-known opera by Glinka, is considered by the historian Kostomarov to be fabulous. If so, a graceful tradition is lost to Russian history; but Kostomarov was a sad iconoclast. We have had men of the sort among ourselves, and many of the grey morning legends of our history have disappeared in the full light of criticism. We observe, by the way, that the translator puts the accent in the name Susanin on the wrong syllable. We do not know why, for he is obviously a finished Russian scholar.

W. R. MORFILL.

NEW NOVELS.

Love the Conqueror. By Sydney Carstone. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

An Ugly Duckling. By Henry Erroll. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Allegra. By Mary West. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

Isa. By the Editor of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

Radna: or, the Great Conspiracy of 1881. By Princess Olga. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss Lavinia's Trust. By Vin Vincent. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Condemned to Death. By A. Wall. (Sonnen-schein.)

THE tropical weather seems to have exercised an enervating influence in the sphere of fiction, for some of our novels this week are extremely limp and uninteresting. One or two, however, quite make up for the rest on the score of excitement, if not as regards ability. Mr. Carstone, a writer entirely new to us, endeavours to infuse some brightness and elasticity into *Love the Conqueror*; but it is, on the whole, an *olla podrida* of incidents, with little attempt at cohesion or unity. There is a fiendish grandmother in the story, and there are also several male characters who, to put it mildly, are not a credit to the human race. One of these commits a murder; and as three persons are successively associated with the crime, there is some interest in waiting for the revelation of the real culprit, which does not take place till the close of the narrative. Edith Leng, the sole survivor of a family which passes through many and marvellous vicissitudes, is, perhaps, the best character in the book, and manages to awaken a genuine sympathy in the reader; but most of the other *dramatis personae* are little better than lay figures. The men are either evil or idiotic, and the women are continually scheming to entrap the men. Our author regards falling in love as something like sickening for the measles, or any other infantile ailment; and if we do not get the attack in youth we suffer virulently for it at a mature age. There is a kind of Mrs. Ramsbotham, who enlivens the story by her constant lingual errors, speaking of the *cataracts* (catacombs) of Rome, and who has a daughter who plays the piano "with very good *esecration*." It would be well for Mr. Carstone to eschew politics, which should not

be introduced into a novel intended presumably to be read by persons of different political complexions. There are some signs of ability in this book, and its writer could evidently do much better.

An Ugly Duckling is very readable, and if the promise of the first volume had been sustained it would undoubtedly have been a most successful work. The earliest glimpses we have of the ugly duckling—an unconventional, and apparently unattractive, girl, who develops into a superior woman—are excellent; and there are true and natural touches in the delineation of the forlorn heroine as she appears at the outset; but the whole thing ends somewhat disappointingly and with manifest weakness. Nevertheless, the author shows so much talent that he should be unquestionably heard from again.

Those who like semi-historical novels will find one of the average type in Miss West's *Allegra*. It opens with the Austrians in Lombardy in 1848; and, after describing the memorable events of that great year of revolution, closes with the deliverance of Italy from the Austrian yoke and the entry of Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel into Milan. History, however, is not the motive, but only the pivot of the story. Miss West reveals a strong grasp of the Italian character, and her portraits of Signor Morelli and the Count di Villari are sketched with vigour and evident fidelity to life. The same may be said of two very different personages—the sister-heroes, Allegra and Cecilia Winton—whose characteristics are well differentiated. The story is not without its passages illustrative of

"the infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

It is so extremely difficult for any but the greatest writers to blend judiciously the historical and the romantic elements that it is a pleasure to be able to compliment our author from this point of view for the no small measure of success she has attained.

The morbid psychological school founded by the late "Hugh Conway" finds its latest exponent in the author of *Isa*. But the new writer out-herods Herod. Isa Cleveland, the heroine—who is described as all that is beautiful physically—goes mad at the sight of blood; and as it is here a case of "blood, blood, blood" all through the narrative, it may be imagined that she has not many lucid moments. It is a terrible awakening for her poor husband, soon after his marriage. Isa's birthday, the 8th of June, is the special day when all the fearful events happen; and space would fail us to tell of the many tragedies which occur on that ill-fated day. Suffice it to state that they culminate in the haughty Isa's attempt to slice off her husband's head with a razor. Whenever the 8th of June arrived Isa Cleveland had such pleasant thoughts as these—"I wonder what to-day has brought forth," in the way of crime. "Perhaps at this moment some life is being taken; some deed of murder being enacted; some death-gurgles sounding." If M^{de}. Tussaud's establishment were suddenly to be deprived of one of its chief attractions—the "Chamber of Horrors"—it needs only to represent a few of the episodes in this novel in wax, and the chamber might be started

again in all its pristine glory and sombre attractiveness. Seriously, no good or useful end could possibly be answered by such a work as this. It is sensationalism run riot; and if it is intended to be a parody upon the ghastly psychological school of fiction, the joke is a very poor one. Some explanation is furnished of the heroine's madness; but the whole story is too unrelieved to be good reading from any point of view, while it might completely unhinge the minds of young impressionable people. The author is an able man, and we are sorry that his first essay in fiction should be of this unpleasant character.

Princess Olga furnishes a very graphic picture of the terrible system of Russian bureaucracy in *Radna*; or the Great Conspiracy of 1881. She shows how it separates the emperor from his people and, beginning at St. Petersburg, extends its evil ramifications to the most distant bounds of the Czar's dominions. It is more powerful than the sovereign himself, and is the cause of Nihilism and all the other conspiring elements against which the best forces in Russia have striven in vain. The late emperor had a noble heart, yet for the oppression of the weak and the lowly, for the suspicion and punishment of the innocent, for the want of education and the darkness of the Russian mind, for the seal placed on the lips of freedom, the chains which bind liberty, and for every misfortune resulting from bad government, he was held responsible by the masses. And maddened by their wrongs, in their blindness they at last assassinated him. Russia will never be free and happy until the class which intervenes between Czar and people is crushed out or deprived of its power. This story has some charming lighter aspects in addition to its more serious purpose. But every one should read it, if only for the flood of light it sheds upon the dark and secret life of the Russian capital.

A girl's faithful love, a hard-hearted father's curse, and the death of a gallant young officer in the Crimean War, form the staple incidents in *Miss Lavinia's Trust*. The grave brings reconciliations, though we do not quite see the necessity for such a high death-rate as prevails in this little volume. At any rate, the stern parent and the fond lovers might, as it seems to us, have been amicably reunited in this world without waiting for the next. The tone of the sketch is good.

The scene of Mr. Wall's *Condemned to Death* alternates between Egypt and England. The Egyptian portion of the story, with its papyri and its strange discoveries, treads very closely upon the romances of Mr. Rider Haggard. There is even the being who lives twice, with ages between.

"When Chu shall have shaken off the power of the Soul, then shall I know all things, the Present, the Past, and the Future; and when the Soul shall once more encase Chu, my spirit shall animate the second body, and I will again instruct the children of men."

Again,

"I am all that was; that is; that will be; no mortal can raise my veil."

If this Egyptian mine is worked by too many writers, it will soon "give out." There are

many improbabilities in this story; but then the probable has become very commonplace nowadays. By the way, it may be a small matter, but when the aristocracy are brought into a novel they might as well be designated correctly. The same lady could not be both "Lady Lucy Cartley" and "Lady Cartley."

G. BARNETT SMITH.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Letters from a Mourning City. By Axel Munthe. Translated by Maude Valérie White. (John Murray.) A dainty volume, daintily printed, with a charming frontispiece, these *Letters from a Mourning City* contain the experiences, adventures, impressions, and reflections of a Swedish doctor in Naples during the great cholera epidemic of 1884. The letters were contributed to a Stockholm newspaper, and are written lightly, gracefully, naturally, with a running pen. In the course of the letters we get a fascinating picture of this speculative, courageous, warm-hearted doctor. He is passionately devoted to Naples; he feels for the city as only those of Northern blood can feel for their soul's city in this siren land of Italy; he loves Naples too well to desert her in her distress; he is filled with unbounded scorn for those fair-weather lovers who fly before the first breath of storm. Dr. Munthe knew Naples well, and he came to help as far as he could her cholera-stricken poor. He attached himself to no society, he wore no ambulance cross, he went about independently, quietly and bravely doing what in him lay. His sole companions were his ragged little foundling Peppino, his big dog Puck, and, above all, his donkey Rosina, with whom he shares his speculations, his mental peregrinations around the insoluble enigma of life. They exchange passages from Dante, Leopardi, Heine, and Goethe; and the tendency of their speculations—as was natural under such gloomy surroundings—is pessimistic or rather stoic; but neither is a sentimental philosopher. The doctor is intensely sympathetic, human, and practical; he likes the *popolo*; he has a good word for the monks; he can pardon the mad belief—a belief most deeply rooted in the minds of the Italian poor—that all doctors are virtually the hired assassins of the Municipio; indeed, the only class for whom he shows no sympathy is the governing class and the organising committees. Here he seems to us less than just; but perhaps he would have been more than human if he could have lived with and sympathised with the poor, and yet have given its due to the class whom the poor regard as their deadliest enemies. But he is manifestly unfair when he says that "Italy of to-day has done no more for the people of Naples than Italy of the past." Northern Italy, at all events, knows what a heavy burden of taxes she pays for the benefit of her southern sister. The speculations of the doctor and his donkey are not always very profound. They were not meant to be so. They took place usually at night, down by the seashore, when the moonlight streamed across the bay; and they served rather as a rest, a relief from the strain of activity, the oppression of misery that daylight and the doctor's service of the sick brought with them. For the doctor's courageous devotion led him into many terrible places; and his letters are full of pictures of human degradation, woe, and wickedness, as appalling as any in Signor Villari's *Lettere Meridionali*, which did so much to call public attention to those hot-beds of disease and vice, the *fondaci* and *sotterrani* of Naples. The style of the book is, as we have said, most admirable—fresh, natural, sweet; and the translation is remarkably good. We do not remember having ever read a better translation—we mean one which bore about it fewer marks of the process

of transition from one language to another. If the style of the original be as finished as would appear from the translation, the author is undoubtedly a fine artist in words; and Miss White is the fortunate possessor of the greatest gift a translator can have—the power to preserve the flavour of the original. Or if, as is possible, the excellence of this volume is due to Miss White alone, we welcome her as a writer of very considerable stylistic gifts, and anticipate pleasure from her next volume, which we trust may not be long in appearing.

From the Pyrenees to the Channel in a Dogcart. By C. E. Acland-Troyte. (Sonnenschein.) This narrative of a drive from St. Jean de Luz to Cherbourg via the Pyrenees and Central France was well worth publishing, if only to show how easy of accomplishment such a trip is, and how much of interest in Central France awaits the tourist, especially if he have a taste for archaeology and architecture. The route taken was to Bagnères de Luchon, keeping as close to the mountains as the roads would permit; thence to Toulouse, by Montauban to Cahors, onwards to Rocamadour, the wonderful little nest of pilgrimage-churches around which Carolingian legends still linger; thence by the better-known towns of Limoges and Poitiers to Fontevault, so closely connected with the history of our Angevin kings; thence by Angers, Craon, Avranches, and Coutances, to the final goal at Cherbourg. The time occupied was a little over ten weeks; of this only forty-four days were spent in actual travelling, the drives averaging twenty-two miles a day the whole distance traversed being 956 miles. The rest-days were devoted to sight-seeing in the larger towns, or to making short excursions in hired vehicles to spots of interest in the neighbourhood. The expenses averaged 18s. 6d. a day for two people, with horse and dog; but experience brought about a reduction to 14s. 6d. on the return journey. Comparatively few of those who hurry past it by train are aware how beautiful in the softer kinds of beauty the middle of France is. The road here taken by no means exhausts its attractions. One, if not two, drives quite as desirable might be made from Toulouse through Albi, Rodez, Aurillac, Massiac (nearly all the old towns in ac in this part of France are worth a visit), Mont Dore, through the Auvergne country, by Montargis and Fontainebleau and so past Paris. There is only one drawback to such a journey. It is absolutely necessary that the driver should look after the horse himself, and see that he eats, not merely is presented with, his oats, &c., and is made comfortable for the night. Now, to some men of delicate digestion, the odours of the stable after a long day's drive will take away all appetite for dinner; and to these, we write from experience, such an excursion cannot be recommended. We fully agree with Mrs. Troyte in her preference for the first-rate village inn to either the cosmopolitan or the commercial hotel on such a trip; only the company should not exceed three. These little inns have seldom more than two best bedrooms, and if these are occupied the other accommodation is often very indifferent. As to the company one may meet, we have never feared sitting down with ladies among French peasants, and have always found their presence respected. The only class we shrink from when with ladies in France—and the experience of friends agrees with our own—are the *commis-voyageurs*; these sometimes will talk coarsely. If a peasant by chance offends, a hint to landlord or landlady would procure his speedy removal outside, or to the back premises; but a commercial traveller is too important a customer to be thus treated, and unless he is shamed by disgusted silence, there is nothing to be done. French military men of all ranks and services

are delightful company at an inn. They are not afraid of talking shop, and with a little encouragement give vivid narratives of their military life. The best time of the year for such a journey is that here chosen—from April to the middle of June; or from the middle of August to October going southwards, avoiding the great heats of summer.

Shooting and Yachting in the Mediterranean. By A. G. Bagot. (W. H. Allen.) The best part of this little book consists of the chapters on fitting out and provisioning yachts for a lengthy cruise, together with the hints as to the best hotels, the chief game, and the like, to be found at the ports in the Mediterranean where yachtsmen usually land. The account of the author's adventures is written in a wretched style, with many poor jokes, much slang, and not a few thinly-veiled oaths interspersed, recalling the rowdy books of sport which it was the fashion to admire fifty years ago. The author and his friends sailed to Corfu, Levitatz, Naples, Syracuse, and home by Corsica, Monte Carlo, Malaga, and Cadiz. They seem to have endured a good deal of discomfort both by sea and land in their search for sport, and by no means to have been rewarded for their trouble. Even in Albania, the head quarters, as it may be called, of woodcock, their bags were poor. One day four guns killed seventeen couple; another day twenty-two ducks were shot; in the marshes at the back of Syracuse six ducks with twelve and a half dozen of snipe satisfied the sportsmen after much annoyance from the prickly reeds and many immersions. Game may have become scarcer; but in 1845 Colonel Parker, we find, killed at Butrinto (where Mr. Bagot's party shot thirteen and a half couple of woodcock, a hare, a quail, and a couple of snipe, with some lost birds), in two days, with seemingly three guns, 196 woodcocks one day, and 188 the next. Adding those procured by two days' shooting on the Acheron River, and two more on the Achelous, the colonel's total was 1,026 woodcocks. The savage Albanian dogs do not remind Mr. Bagot of the ancient Molossian mastiffs. Even at Coreyra he never names, or apparently thinks of, the revolution and massacre which called forth the eloquence of the great historian. So, too, at Syracuse, Mr. Bagot sees nothing but "cocks." There are a good many records of manful eating and drinking (although the "Nix Mangiare" stairs at Malta become *Mangare*), and much boisterous shooting and merriment in this book. We trust that the actual trip was more pleasurable to the actors than its recital is likely to prove to most readers.

Cathedral Days: a Tour through Southern England. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated from sketches and photographs by E. Eldon Deane. (Ward & Downey.) The author—an American lady—and her husband drove in a chaise from Arundel to Exeter, passing through Chichester, Winchester, Romsey, Salisbury, Bath, Wells, and Glastonbury. They reached their journey's end in safety, after some adventures indicating that the natural history of the horse was a branch of science which they had not previously had occasion to study. The result is a charming book, full of happy description and abundant high spirits, the contagion of which the dullest reader will hardly be able to escape. A critic sworn to be rigorously just would have to say that Mrs. Dodd is careless of her grammar, uses words in unheard-of senses, and is now and then at fault in her history. But even the faults of the book lean to virtue's side, inasmuch as they are amusing and not exasperating. We do not know whether Mrs. Dodd has written anything else, but we shall certainly make it our business to read the next book of hers that comes in our way. The volume contains about a score of extremely pretty woodcuts.

Three Years of a Wanderer's Life. By John F. Keane. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.) If Mr. Keane has seen more of the world than most people, he has also taken an unusual number of volumes to tell us about it. His *Six Months at Mecca* deservedly won attention alike by the novelty and the audacity of its story. His second book—*My Journey to Medina*—suffered from the disadvantages that attend all sequels. Then came *In Blue Water* (if we have got the title right), which threw some strong light upon the hardships of a sailor's life. And now he has found a publisher for the recital of incidents before omitted. We cannot recommend the book to all and sundry, for Mr. Keane's plain speaking does not always tend to edification. But there are passages in it—namely the tramp from Liverpool to London—which are as realistic as anything in fiction.

MR. EDWARD STANFORD has augmented his series of "Tourists' Guides" by three new volumes, not to speak of new editions. Two of them are written by old acquaintances—*Wiltshire*, by Mr. R. N. Worth; and *The Wye*, by Mr. G. P. Bevan. The third—*Suffolk*—was entrusted to Dr. J. E. Taylor, of the Ipswich Museum, who has evidently taken for his model the *Norfolk* of Mr. Walter Rye. The result is a stronger smack of local flavour than in most of these volumes, which have no rival for portability and cheapness.

FROM Dulau & Co. comes a new edition of Messrs. Baddeley and Ward's *North Wales*, Part I., in the "Thorough Guide" series. For the walking-tourist these are indispensable, though we regret that their bulk should be increased by impertinent advertisements.

MESSRS. JOHN WALKER & Co. have issued, in very neat form, "Pocket Atlases" of England, Scotland, and Ireland, each containing some sixteen maps by Mr. John Bartholomew, which have already been praised in the ACADEMY.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are glad to learn that the Bodleian authorities intend to publish facsimiles of some of their MSS. Our readers will remember that such a work was suggested by Mr. Haverfield in the ACADEMY of May 6, 1887.

WE hear that Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation a little volume of selections from Tennyson, edited with notes for use in schools by the Rev. Alfred Ainger.

MR. FRANK D. MILLET, the American artist, has translated from the Russian Count Leo Tolstoi's *Scenes from the Siege of Sebastopol*. The book will have a portrait of the author, and also an introductory chapter written by Mr. W. D. Howells.

UNDER the title of *Pagan Pearls*, Mr. Elliot Stock announces a collection of precepts concerning the conduct of life taken from the writings of non-Christian teachers.

A NEW volume of verse, entitled *The Lyric of a Hopeless Love*, by Mr. A. Stephen Wilson, will be issued shortly by Mr. Walter Scott.

MESSRS. BEMROSE & SONS will shortly publish a sixpenny edition of the life of *Catherine of Aragon*, by the author of "*De Nova Villa*." The profits of this edition will be devoted to the "Catherine Window" which is to be erected in Peterborough Cathedral to the memory of Catherine of Aragon, by subscriptions from ladies of the name of Catherine resident in all parts of the world.

Lucifer is the title of a new monthly devoted to occultism or theosophy, the first number of which will appear on September 15. The "*Lucifer*" of theosophy, it may be advisable to explain, is not the Lucifer apostrophised by

Isaiah, nor Milton's "demon of pride." It is, say the promoters, "the Latin 'Luciferus,' the light bringer, the morning star"; and the magazine is published with the avowed purpose of bringing "to light the hidden things of darkness" on both the physical and psychic planes of life. It will be under the joint editorship of M^{me}. Blavatsky and Miss Mabel Collins, the latter of whom will give in the opening number the first chapters of "*The Blossom and the Fruit: a Tale of Love and Magic*."

AMONG the publications which the New Spalding Club, of Aberdeen, has undertaken are (1) a monograph on the emblazoned ceiling of St. Machar's Cathedral, with coloured reproductions of the escutcheons and other illustrations, edited by Principal Geddes and Mr. Peter Duguid; (2) *The Place-Names and Folklore of North-Eastern Scotland*, by the Rev. Dr. Walter Gregor, of Pittligo; (3) a history of the ancient baronial family of Burnett of Leys, by Dr. George Burnett, Lyon King-of-Arms; (4) *The Register of the Scots College at Rome*, by Monsignor Campbell; (5) a Calendar of the letters in the Aberdeen town-house, with a selection of the most important, by Mr. A. M. Munro; and (6) a bibliography of all publications relating to the north-eastern counties of Scotland, by Mr. A. W. Robertson, of the public library, Aberdeen.

THE annual meeting of the Victoria Institute will be held at the Society of Arts on Tuesday next, July 19, at 8 p.m., when an address will be given by Prof. W. Stokes, President of the Royal Society.

THE Royal Historical Society will hold a conference in the Hall of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, on Saturday, October 22, to consider the question of historical teaching in schools. Prof. Mandell Creighton will preside, and an address will be delivered by Mr. Oscar Browning, which will be followed by a discussion. Promises of co-operation have been received from the headmasters of Harrow, Haileybury, Marlborough, Rugby, Repton, Rossall, Shrewsbury, Westminster, Winchester, the City of London School, King's and University College Schools, and Dulwich College. The attendance of all persons interested is invited.

AMONG the papers to be read at the meetings of the Historical Society in the course of next session are: "*Nootka Sound and Reichenbach*," by Oscar Browning; "*Passages from the Unpublished Records of the Napoleonic Period*," by C. A. Fyffe; "*Frederick the Great and the First Silesian War*," by A. R. Ropes; "*Henry Hudson, the English Navigator*," by Gen. Meredith Read; "*Prince Henry of Monmouth's Despatches during the War in Wales, 1402-1405, and the Treaty of Surrender by the Welsh Chieftains*," by F. Solly Flood; "*The Commercial Policy of Edward III.*" by the Rev. W. Cunningham; "*Historical Genealogy*," by H. E. Malden; "*The Historical Value of Traders' Tokens and the Minor Currency*," by George Williamson; "*A Genealogical Table of the Mughal Emperors of India, with Notes on their Birth, Accession to the Throne, and Death*," by Kavi Raj Shyamal Das.

A NOVEL educational experiment is to be tried next winter in London. A number of short popular courses, of three lectures each, on literary, historical, scientific, and artistic subjects, will be given under the joint auspices of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching and the Gilchrist Trustees. The courses will be quite distinct from the ordinary work of the former society. Steps are being taken to secure the services of distinguished lecturers, and the lectures will be given in the largest halls available in certain selected working-class districts. In some cases the

admission will be free, and in other cases 'he charge will probably be one penny for each lecture. The whole expense will be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the Gilchrist Trustees have largely contributed.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S sales next week comprise the following:—On Monday, a selection from the library of M. Eug. P. . . of Paris—it is not very difficult to fill up the asterisks—consisting mainly of early Italian books and MSS., including the only block-book known to have been printed in Italy. On Tuesday the books, MSS., &c. of the late Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, among which we may mention several of W. H. Ireland's collections relating to his Shakspeare forgeries, and the original MS. of the Old English songs and carols, edited by T. Wright for the Percy Society in 1847. On Wednesday and Thursday the large collection of autograph letters, belonging to the same indefatigable curiosity hunter, of which the most notable seem to be those of Nelson, Burns, and Garrick. There is also a set of the catalogues of the Royal Academy from the beginning (1769) to 1844.

MM. FORZANI, printers to the Senate at Rome, have issued the prospectus of a grand *Bibliografia di Roma*, the life-work of the late Francesco Cerrotti, librarian for thirty years of the Corsini library, who died last February at the age of eighty. The work will be in four volumes, handsomely printed in large quarto form, and will be issued to subscribers at 20 lire a volume. The following is the classification adopted: (1) topography and views; (2) ecclesiastical history, with special reference to each pope and to the conclaves; (3) literature, including the libraries and academies; (4) art, including the churches, catacombs, obelisks, inscriptions, &c.; (5) civil history, including that of the municipalities and of the great Roman families; (6) physical, with special mention of the Tiber and the Campagna.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

PEGLI.

Quæ nunc abitis in loca ?

MORNING after morning, in the bright Italian spring,
I heard the steady hammers of the busy shipwrights ring,
And plank to plank was added till ribs no longer gaped,
And slowly grew the marvel—a ship was being shaped,
Morning after morning, till there came at last a day
When waves were softly plashing, but the ship was far away.
'Twas in the early twilight the ropes were cut, and swift
Her strange new life she entered, and buoyant waves uplift
And carry her afar on old Columbus' track.
Ah! who are we to hinder, or wish to call her back?
We cling to earth so blindly, but she sees lands unknown,
Her sails are wings to bear her; but we are left alone,
Morning after morning, on that fair Italian shore,
To watch the shipwrights working, and wonder evermore.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for July continues several interesting series. There is first the biography of eminent theologians. This time Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, is the subject; and the editor is the biographer. There is next the discussion of the origin of the Christian ministry. Whether or no Prof. Salmon can be said to have contri-

buted much to the discussion, the statement of his personal views, opinions, and here and there "guesses" will command attention. There is lastly the survey of the Revised Version of the Old Testament. Prof. Cheyne's second paper on the Book of Psalms contains an examination of Ps. cxxxix., after which it is mainly occupied with an exposition of the marginal renderings and readings. Dean Church contributes his fine sermon on "The Idolatry of Civilised Men," Mr. G. A. Simcox a poem on "The Latter Rain," Dr. Dods a reproductive study on part of Ezra, and—last, not least—Prof. Driver a valuable review of Dr. Cheyne's work on the Wisdom-literature of the Old Testament. Years ago, when English Biblical criticism was more fettered than it is now, the reviewer expressed a strong conviction of the linguistic necessity of a very late date for Ecclesiastes. It is gratifying that we are now favoured with full and interesting specimens of his exegetical results.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

XI.

IT is admitted by every one that the Costeriana are the work of a Dutch printer, more particularly of a printer who was settled in Holland proper.

I have pointed out before, and it is moreover very well known, that the peculiarity of the eight types of the Costeriana consists in a perpendicular stroke attached to the horizontal cross-stroke through the *t*, and an upward curl or a down stroke attached to the *r*. I am aware that the same peculiarities are noticed more or less in German block-books, and in German and Italian writings. But as two editions of the *Speculum* (Spiegel) are in the Dutch language, this fact alone proves the Dutch nationality of the Costeriana beyond the shadow of a doubt. Now, among all the facsimiles of Dutch typography (including the whole of the Netherlands, or, as we should say now, Holland and Belgium), published in Holtrop's *Monuments typogr.*, and ranging (if we exclude the Costeriana) from *circa* 1470 (or say 1473) to 1500, no trace whatever of these peculiarities is found, except in three cases only, namely, on Holtrop's plates 57, 58, and 111, where they appear in three woodcuts, and are clearly intended as imitations of antique models, as a kind of fancy, just as we see now-a-days Caxton's types imitated. But the peculiarities of which I speak are found (not as imitations, but in a very natural way) in the Dutch block-books, and in Dutch manuscripts—a circumstance which shows, I think, that the eight types of the Costeriana stand next to the time of the block-books and manuscripts. Indeed, the resemblance between the eight types of the Costeriana (which we must regard as having belonged to one and the same office, until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming) and the character figured in the texts of those block-books, of which we know that they are unquestionably Dutch, is very striking. If we compare the inscriptions of the Dutch Mary engraving, preserved in the Berlin Museum, and figured in Holtrop's *Monuments* (first plate), and the texts of the two Dutch editions of the *Ars moriendi* (British Museum, pressmarks C. 48. 1, and C. 17. b. 21), and that of the Dutch editions of the *Biblia Pauperum*, and that of the Dutch *Cantica Canticorum*, one feels almost inclined to say that the man who cast the types of the Costeriana engraved also the blocks for those block-books.

I have already pointed out before that those who suggested Utrecht as the place where the Costeriana might have been printed never thought of examining Utrecht MSS. to see whether the types of the Costeriana, which

have such a peculiarly national form, and could not very well have been imported from Germany, nor from France or Italy, resembled in any way Utrecht MSS. I have made some enquiries on this point myself, and I have been (provisionally) informed that the MSS. written at Utrecht do not bear any resemblance to the types of the Costeriana. But I do not wish to lay any stress on this information, as I do not know whether my informant quite understood what I had in view. But this kind of negative is not without some importance in connexion with one or two facts which I have accidentally found myself, and which, most decidedly, point to Haarlem as the place where the Costeriana may have been printed. Namely, in the binding of a MS. Register of (strange to say) 1446, preserved in the Haarlem Archives, I found last January a vellum fragment, the writing of which made me think for a moment that I had one of the Costerian printed *Donatuses* before me. I would also recommend the inspection of the writing of slip bound in the MS. Register of 1440, and that in the Register for 1444. A comparison of the writings found on these slips will not, I think, be favourable to the Utrecht theory.

There is, as far as we know at present, a total absence of *colophons* (if we except such words as *explicit*) in the Costeriana. This circumstance also tends to show that the printer of these works must be placed next to the period of the manuscripts and early block-books, and not after, or during the time when *colophons* (in verse and in prose) may be said to have become customary. I will, however, not dwell upon this absence, in confirmation of my opinion that the printer of the Costeriana was the first printer, because of most of the Costeriana we possess fragments only, and there are besides a good many other works, printed by other printers, without place, name of printer, and date. But I wish to point out that we have ten complete Costeriana, besides the last leaves of some others; and I do not know that there exists, after 1471, any other group of so many books issued by one and the same printer, without having in one of them either a place, or the printer's name, or a date. And even in the late block-books, published (in Germany) after 1470, we do find initials of the printer, or his full name, or a date.

There is another circumstance to which I must call attention in particular. Of the forty-five Costeriana which have been preserved to us, no less than thirty-three (counting among this number the edition of *Saliceto*, of which only vellum fragments are found) are printed on vellum. And, from the fact that hitherto no paper copies or fragments of these works have come to light, it is, I think, not unreasonable to conclude that no paper copies were ever printed. Of the remaining Costeriana, five (namely, the four editions of the *Speculum*, and, the two leaves of one of the Dutch editions of the *Speculum*, which have been printed in a different type, counting them as one work) are partly or wholly blockprinting, and were, therefore, necessarily, or as usual, printed on paper. And only seven of them are printed on paper in the ordinary way, as we see it done say from 1455 to 1470. Among the latter happen to be just those works which, as I have said before, cannot be placed earlier than 1458. When we now look at the printing in Germany from 1454 to 1475, we see that the first two dates (1454 and 1455) appear in two editions of Indulgences, of which no paper copies have ever been found, and probably were never printed. Besides these two Indulgences (one of which I will put down to Gutenberg, the other to Schoeffer), we have also three editions, on vellum, of the *Donatus* in the thirty-six-line Bible type (which I will

ascribe to Gutenberg); four editions of the *Donatus* in the forty-two-line Bible type; and an edition of the Psalter of 1457 (all done by Schoeffer). But in the year 1454 we find, already, printing done in Germany on paper, and, with the exceptions just mentioned, I do not think that any more early printers issued entire editions on vellum after 1457. If, therefore, we tabulate the early printers according to the entire vellum editions known to have been issued by them, we are compelled to assign the first place to the printer of the Costeriana, with thirty-three works out of forty-five published by him; the second place to Peter Schoeffer, with only six (or seven, including the forty-two-line Cantica) works out of I don't know how many; while Gutenberg comes in the third place with four entire editions on vellum out of eight printed by him, or at least ascribed to him. I know of no printer to be put fourth, as I know of no other early printer ever having printed entire editions of any of his works on vellum, though nearly every printer of any significance printed a few vellum copies of his more important works by the side of his paper copies.

I have further to point out that the thirty-three vellum editions of the printer of the Costeriana include twenty editions of the *Donatus*, seven editions of the *Alexander Gallus*, two of *Cato*, one *Abecedarium*, one liturgical work, one Dutch edition of the Penitential Psalms, and one edition of *Guil. de Saliceto*. Leaving the latter work out of account, it is precisely of these school books and books of devotion that other and later printers issued also apparently entire vellum editions, as no paper copies have as yet been found by the side of the vellum copies. For instance, Dr. Campbell, after having described the Costerian *Donatuses*, enumerates in his *Annales* (under numbers 642, 643, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652) seven other editions of the *Donatus* printed by various printers on vellum, close upon 1500. And of the *Doctrinale* of Alexander Gallus he mentions two editions (No. 110 and 111) besides those which concern us. Mr. Holtrop (*Monuments*, p. 18) says that there exists an edition of the liturgical work also printed on vellum at Leiden about 1500. So it is possible that there was, as is alleged, an idea among printers and the public in general that books of this kind required to be printed on strong material. But just about the period 1471-1474, when the printer of the Costeriana is said to begin, or to be printing, paper editions of the *Donatus* had already appeared, for which reason this entire vellum printing at that date looks strange.

But if we assume that the printer of the Costeriana commenced his work before 1454—that is to say, if we assume him to be the inventor of printing, then he was a man who had hardly any other except MS. vellum books before him, and his position at the head of the vellum printers becomes a natural one. We can then understand that he printed, and continued to print, on vellum because, except for block printing, he hardly knew of any other material for the production of books, and also because he started with the idea of imitating, as closely as possible, his MSS. We can then also see that, after printing was brought to Mentz, nothing but vellum was used for a little while. But there, under fresh eyes, who see that another mode of printing could be devised, the printing on less expensive paper gradually, though slowly, took the place of that on vellum, the latter material being only reserved as a kind of luxury for the production of a few copies of certain works of importance, and perhaps also, by way of tradition, for the *Donatuses* and a few other school-books.

As to the question that the manner in which the engravings of the *Speculum* have been executed, and the dresses, hats, &c., figured on

them, all point, as some say, to a period after 1471, I believe it may be met by the opinion of others who think that everything points to a much earlier period. The subject is too extensive for me to feel competent to deal with it at this moment and in this series of articles. Suffice it to say, that so far as I have investigated the matter, I see certainly nothing in the style of the engravings of the *Speculum* which is incompatible with a much earlier period, in which the four editions of the *Speculum* must, in my opinion, be placed, on account of the primitive manner in which they were printed.

J. H. HESSELS.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CORPUS antiquissimorum poetarum Poloniae latinorum usque ad J. Cochranovium. Vol. 2. Cracow: Friedlein. 4 M.
DORCIEUX, G. Le Père Bonhours: un Jésuite homme de lettres au 17^e siècle. Paris: Hachette 7 fr. 50 c.
FUNK BRENTANO, Th. Les sophistes allemands et les nihilistes russes. Paris: Pion. 6 fr.
VITAE, novem, Sanctorum metricae. Ed. G. Harster. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- DOCTRINA duodecim apostolorum. Ed., annotationibus et prolegomenis illustravit, versionem latinam addidit F. X. Funk. Tübingen: Laupp. 3 M. 60 Pf.
FRICK, C. Die Quellen Augustins im 18. Buche seiner Schrift de civitate dei. Hörter: Buchholtz. 1 M.
PAUL, L. Die Abfassungszeit der synoptischen Evangelien. Ein Nachweis aus Justinus Martyr. Leipzig: Grunow. 1 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ACTA historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. Tom. 11. Acta Stephani regis. 1576-1588. Cracow: Friedlein. 10 M.
TREUBER, O. Geschichte der Lykier. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 5 M.
WOLFF, O. Der Tempel v. Jerusalem u. seine Maasse. Graz: Styria. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- EGGER, A. Jounanetia Cumingii Sow. Eine morphologische Untersuchung. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 6 M.
FRITSCH, A., u. J. KAFKA. Die Crustaceen der böhmischen Kreideformation. Prag: Rivaac. 30 M.
SACCARDO, P. A. Sylloge fungorum omnium hucusque cognitorum. Vol. 5. Agaricinea. Padua. 72 fr.
WESTERLUND, C. A. Fauna der in der palaearktischen Region lebenden Binnenschnecken. III. Gen. Buliminus, Sesteria, Pupa, Stenogyra u. Cionella. Lund. 10 fr.

PHILOLOGY.

- BLASS, F. Die attische Beredsamkeit. 1. Abth. Von Gorgias zu Lysias. 2. Aufl. Leipzig: Teubner. 14 M.
FREILICHENFELD, A. De Vergili Bucolicis temporibus. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
HELDIG, W. Das homerische Epos, aus den Denkmälern erläutert. 2. Aufl. Leipzig: Teubner. 12 M. 80 Pf.
KAMANN, P. Ueb. Quellen u. Sprache der York Plays. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
ROETHIG, G. Die Gedichte Reimars v. Zweter. Leipzig: Hirzel. 12 M.
SCHAEFER, A. Demosthenes u. seine Zeit. 2. Ausg. 3. Bd. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.
WILMANN, W. Beiträge zur Geschichte der älteren deutschen Litteratur. 3. Hft. Der altdeutsche Reimvers. Bonn: Weber. 4 M.
ZIELINSKI, Th. Quaestiones comicae. St. Petersburg. 2s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE MASTER OF TRINITY'S COPY OF THE PISA "ADONAI'S."

Trinity College, Cambridge: July 9, 1887.

A few weeks since it was stated in the ACADEMY that the copy of Shelley's *Adonais* (Pisa, 1821), which belonged to the late Master of Trinity, had disappeared, and was not included in the catalogue of his library which was to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge.

It is due to these gentlemen, who made every effort to discover the missing rarity, to announce that it has been found in the College Library, among a mass of miscellaneous pamphlets, which were removed from the Lodge after the Master's death, and until recently had not been examined. W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

"COLLATION OF FOUR IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS."

Dublin: July 11, 1887.

I have just learned that M. l'Abbé Martin, in his brochure, *Quatre Manuscrits Importants*, &c., has brought a serious charge against me. On p. 11, referring to the *Collation of Four Important Manuscripts*, &c. (edited by me after the death of Prof. Ferrar), he says:

"Quant au Manuscrit de Milan, au cursif 346, il est certain qu'il a été examiné seulement dans quelques passages: nous tenons le fait de la bouche même de celui qui aurait dû faire la collation, au dire des éditeurs Anglais."

As this directly contradicts what I have stated in my Introduction, it involves a charge of the grossest falsehood. One feels some degree of humiliation in taking notice of such an accusation. Nevertheless, when it is made by a scholar like the Abbé Martin, it cannot be allowed to remain unnoticed. I, therefore, repeat (1) that for three of the Gospels Prof. Ferrar and myself had, not a collation merely, but a complete copy made under the direction of Dr. Ceriani; (2) that for the first Gospel the MS. was collated for Prof. Ferrar throughout; (3) that neither the copy nor the collation was trusted implicitly, but wherever any possible question could arise the MS. was again specially consulted; and (4) since the death of Prof. Ferrar the copy and collation, as well as the replies to subsequent inquiries, have been in my possession. T. K. ABBOTT.

THE STOWE MISSAL.

London: July 9, 1887.

In the ACADEMY for June 25, 1887, p. 451, col. 2, Dr. MacCarthy writes thus:

"In Old-Irish nomenclature, *Mail* (*mael*, *mael*, *mel*, are graphic variants), the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh, is of frequent recurrence. The nom., the Latin equivalent *calvus*, and the gen. *maile*, are found in the Book of Armagh (5 a 1; 11 b 1, 12 b 1, 17 b 1 respectively)."

In the ACADEMY for July 9, 1887, the Rev. F. G. Warren, referring to the above quotation, writes as follows:

"Mr. Whitley Stokes has asserted that the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh was indeclinable, giving some late Irish evidence for his assertion. Dr. MacCarthy now states that he has found this name in the genitive form, 'Maile,' several times in the Book of Armagh. As the Book of Armagh exists only in MS., it is impossible, without a visit to Dublin, to verify Dr. MacCarthy's references to it. However, one is bound in courtesy to accept the veracity of his statement until it has been disproved, and one looks to Mr. Whitley Stokes to substantiate or abandon his position on this point."

In compliance with Mr. Warren's suggestion, I beg leave to say, very reluctantly, that Dr. MacCarthy's assertions (1) that *Mail* is of "frequent recurrence" as the name of the first Bishop of Ardagh, and (2) that *Mail* and *Mel* are "graphic variants," are both wholly groundless. I will add that *Mail* or *Mael*, gen. *Maile*, is not found in the Book of Armagh as the name of any bishop.

The five passages referred to by Dr. MacCarthy are as follows:

"Fol. 5 a 1. ille magus Lucet mail † qui fuerat in nocturna conflictione, etc.

Fol. 11 b 1. Audientes autem magi Loiguirii filii Neill omnia quae facta fuerant, Calvus et Capitolium, duo fratres qui nutrierant duas filias Loiguirii, etc.

* I gave a fourteenth-century copy of an eleventh-century work.

† *Mael* is found as the name of a bishop in the Martyrology of Donegal, December 26; but he was a bishop of Tuam.

‡ This is spelt *Lucetmael*, fol. 2 a 2; 4 a 1.

Fol. 12 b 1. Et frater illius uenit Mael, et ipse dixit: 'Frater meus credidit Patricio, et non erit ita: sed reuertam eum in gentilitatem.'

Fol. 12 b 1. Similis est Calvus contra Capitl.

Fol. 17 b 1. Do[r]igéni Cummen cétaig rithas fri Eladach mae Maile Odrae tigrerne Crenthinne ar ech ndonn."

It will be seen that, in four out of the five passages referred to by Dr. MacCarthy, *Lucet mael*, *Mael*, and *Calvus* are the names, not of a bishop, but of wizards said to have opposed S. Patrick, and that in the fifth passage the person referred to is a layman, *Mael-odrae*, the father of one *Eladach*, who bartered a brown horse for a mantle made by Cummen.

I fear that Mr. Warren, and perhaps other readers of the ACADEMY, will consider Dr. MacCarthy's statement about the Book of Armagh to be an example of what the late Archbishop Whately, in the following passage, calls the fallacy of references:

"One of the many contrivances employed for this purpose is what may be called the 'Fallacy of references,' which is particularly common in popular theological [philological and palaeographical] works. It is of course a circumstance which adds great weight to any assertion that it shall seem to be supported by many passages of Scripture or of the Fathers, and other ancient writers [such as the authors of the Book of Armagh] whose works are not in many people's hands. Now when a writer can find few or none of these that distinctly and decidedly favour his opinion, he may at least find many which may be conceived capable of being so understood, or which, in some way or other, remotely relate to the subject; but if these texts were inserted at length, it would be at once perceived how little they bear on the question. The usual artifice therefore is, to give merely references to them, trusting that nineteen out of twenty readers will never take the trouble of turning to the passages, but, taking for granted that they afford each some degree of confirmation to what is maintained, will be overawed by seeing every assertion supported, as they suppose, by five or six Scripture texts, as many from the Fathers [as many from the Book of Armagh], &c." (*Logic*, 8th ed., p. 208).

For myself, my faith in Dr. MacCarthy's veracity is so perfect that I believe, or strive to believe, that he merely meant to say that the Book of Armagh contained, in the passages to which he referred, examples of the word *Mail* or *mael* (*Calvus*), gen. *maile*. But what has this to do with the controversy whether the words *maile ruen* in the Stowe Missal refer to one saint or to two? And why did such a master of English as Dr. MacCarthy express himself so as to mislead an intelligent and scholarly reader like Mr. Warren?

I will conclude this letter (and with it my share in this controversy) by stating that the real name of the first Bishop of Ardagh occurs, in its Latinised form, twice in the Book of Armagh—once in the nom. *Melus*, fo. 9 b 1, and once in the acc., *Melum*, fo. 10 b 2, and that the same name occurs in its Celtic form, *Mel* or *Mél*, in the Trinity College copy of the *Liber Hymnorum* (a MS. of the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century), fo. 17 a, and in the Franciscan copy of the same collection (a MS. of the twelfth century), p. 40. In this latter codex (which Dr. MacCarthy can easily see in the convent, Merchant's Quay, Dublin) the name occurs nine times in the nom., once in the gen. (*isin Ardachud epscoip Mel ata*), and once in the dat. (*doralu do epscop Mel*)—always, it will be seen, undeclined. The name borne by the Bishop of Lethra occurs in a Latinised form in the Book of Armagh, fo. 11 b 2, gen. *Rodani*, acc. *Rodanum*:

"In quo reliquit uiros sanctos Macet et Cetgen et Rodanum prespiterum: . . . filia . . . quae tenuit pallium apud Patricium et Rodanum,"

... "ipsa fecit amicitiam ad reliquias sancti Rodani."

As to Ruadán of Lothra, the Calendar of Oengus has, at April 15, "Ruadan locharn Lothra." In the Book of Leinster (about 1250) I find "Ruadan apstal Lothra," p. 350 f, col. 6; and in the same MS., p. 358, col. 7, the Latinised genitive "Ruadani Lothra." Nowhere in any respectable MS. is there the slightest ground for Dr. MacCarthy's assertions that the first Bishop of Lothra was called Ruan, and that Ruain is "the phonetic form of Ruadain."

WHITLEY STOKES.

P.S.—In my letter in the ACADEMY of last week (p. 26, col. 2, l. 59), for "MSS." read "MS."

Mitchelstown: June 30, 1887.

Having dealt with Mr. Stokes's communication, I come to that of Mr. Warren in the ACADEMY of April 23. He begins by saying that he has no means of knowing whether I saw his *Liturgy and Ritual of the Celtic Church*. I have seen that compilation. The extent to which I have been aided thereby in the study of the Missal (I pass over the Sacramentary for the present) will appear from the following.

In the structure and contents I failed to find the sixty-six folios and the Gospel of St. John which Mr. Warren informs us the MS. contains.

In the transcript of the liturgical part, passing over some thirty minor misreadings, a text as plain as print is corrupted to this extent:

MR. WARREN.	MS.
P. 226, sanctorum et	Fol. 12 a, sanctorum confessorum, et
nostrum intende	meum-[et] reliqua
christe cyrie elezion	12 b, christe, audi nos; christe, audi nos. cyrie elezion
238-9, Sancte	28 b, Sancta, prefixed to the names of the five Irish virgins
239, peccatori	29 b, peccatorum
226, Oratio Augustini—Propheta, etc.	13 a, Oratio Augustini is the title of Rogo, etc.
domine christe	13 a, ihesu christe
226-7, deus non vis	qui non vis
227, caritatis	castitatis
228, dicitur qui culpa misericordiae	14 a, Deus, qui culpa misae [i.e., missae].
vel	14 b, aut
229, laudatio catholicae a	15 a, laudatio mea
230, et poenitentibus	15 b, catholica, quae est a
nostris actibus	16 a, pro poenitentibus
231, Incipit lectio	16 b, nolle nostris actibus
gregoriana	17 b, incipit is last word of Gospel heading
232, misericor	Fragment of fol. 17, gregorii
dabis	19 a, misericor [diam tuam.]
236, petri, pauli thomae, iacobi	et da [no]bis
diesque ad te	24 b, petri et pauli
238, quoque	25 a, thomae et iacobi
240, non nominavit	25 b, dies quoque
241, iohanne estimatir	26 a, et ad te
243, Presta ut quos	27 b, [quo]que
	31 a, nomina nominavit
	31 b, cum iohanne estimatis
	35 b, Quos, etc.; presta ut follow satisti, the fifth word

MR. WARREN.

enundemur
244, et gloriosa quique
spiritu sancti
245, et omnipotentem
246, S[anctus]
247, conscientius iniquitate omnem
248, plenus manifestandus

MS.

35 b, emundemur
36 a, per gloriosa
37 a, quasi (three times)
37 b, spiritus sancti
38 b, Te omnipotentem
39 b, Per (a scribe's oversight for S[anctus])
42 a, conscientias iniquitates
42 b, omnium
43 a, plenas manifestandas

Even now, with the correct form under his hand in my edition, he persists in Melch[i]sedech. In the MS., the *i*, as happens not unfrequently, is subjoined to the second stroke of *h*.

The practised eye appears in the remark that the headings of the Missae are in later hand-writings (p. 201).

In the redaction, the displacement of folios 28-9 is not detected; "quorum ut dixit," the concluding words of fol. 29 b, being consequently given up as unintelligible (p. 262). The following arrangement has probably been rarely matched (fol. 29 a):

"Propitius esto. Parce nobis Domine. Propitius esto.

Libera nos, Domine, ab omni malo.

Libera nos, Domine, per crucem tuam.

Libera nos, Domine, peccatores." (P. 239.)

In the textual notes we are told, for instance, that many of the names in the Litany (fol. 28 a. b.) are "in the genitive case—a common occurrence in ancient martyrologies—the word festum being understood. The writer appears to have copied out the names, forgetting always to change the genitive into a vocative case" (p. 261). Moelcaich, that is, was so ignorant as to see no incongruity in Sancte Patricii, ora pro nobis.

Upon heremi sciti (fol. 30 b.) there is a query: "Did the scribe mean to write 'tarum'?" (p. 263). Mr. Warren, namely, would change the desert of Scete into hermits.

In original research, the "Order of the Gallican Service" (p. 99), and an extract respecting the Benedicite (p. 111) purport to be taken from the *Expositio brevis* of Germanus Parisiensis. Neither of them (as far as I can discover) is found therein. The consecration formula quoted (p. 109) from the pseudo-Ambrose de Sacramentis (l. iv. c. 5) varies in five places from the text of the Paris edition (1661, t. iv. col. 367). Two clauses given as Martene's (p. 129), with "Conf. Amalaricus" appended, are the words of Amalaricus himself.

Direptio organorum, a blundering version of the Irish *orgain* "destruction" (Ann. Ult., A.D. 814), is accepted as proof that "Irish annals speak of the destruction of church organs" (p. 126).

In Liturgy we have noteworthy equations: Cursus Scottorum = Liturgy (p. 77); frangere panem = Christi corpus conficere (pp. 95-6); periculosa oratio = Pater noster (p. 98); consueta deprecatio of Iona (presumably) = diptycha mortuorum of Arles (p. 106); Gospel of St. John, i. 29 = Agnus Dei of Pope Sergius (pp. 200-66); simul panem frangere = joint consecration (p. 129); Stellae (fol. 24 a.) = Epiphany (p. 259).

We learn, moreover, that there was a proper preface for St. Patrick in Tirechan's time (p. 100); and that priests were allowed to celebrate twice on the same day in Iona, in the seventh century (p. 143).

In hagiography, Bede's Daganus episcopus (H. E. ii. 4) is made bishop of Ennereilly, which is changed from Wicklow to Wexford (pp. 41, 261). Cumman, compiler of the Penitential, is said to have been abbot of Iona (p.

98); Ciaran of Seir Keiran, older than St. Patrick (p. 261); Finnian of Moville, a bishop (p. 264); and Fergal of Aghaboe, Virgilius of Salzburg (p. 45).

As the Delegates of the Clarendon Press "will be thankful for hints," the foregoing are at their service, to show to what uses their funds are sometimes applied.

Let us now see how my theory respecting the antiquity of B is "untenable and demonstrably false." Because I say that the B-Recension was written in a character which may well be deemed older than the sixth century, the sapient conclusion is drawn that I assign the copying to the fifth century. By Mr. Warren's logic, if I say a writer employs Miltonian diction, I assign his work to the seventeenth century!

While proving that B was transcribed in the second quarter of the seventh century, I produced three criteria to show the composition of the a portion could be referred to the fourth century. One of these sufficed for Mone and every liturgist down to Mr. Hammond, to establish that the Reichenau Fragments belonged to "a distinctly earlier stage" than the other published Gallican monuments. To this rigid logician, however, my conclusion is "demonstrably false," because the Corpus and Rosslyn Missals have, he imagines, no Calendar, and the Drummond possesses no Proper of Saints.

But herein he shall perform the happy despatch upon himself:

"All these Missals [Corpus, Rosslyn, and Drummond] are mainly Roman or Sarum in their structure and contents, and throw no light on the liturgical use of the early Celtic Church" (*Liturgy*, &c., p. 269). "It is obvious that the date at which a Missal was written in no way limits the earliness (only the possible lateness) of the date at which this or that portion of it was originally composed" (Warren: *Corpus Missal*, p. 46).

After this it is perhaps superfluous to note that the assertion respecting the absence of a Calendar from the Corpus and Rosslyn is based on the elementary error of restricting Calendar to signify a synopsis of saints' days.

With reference to the abbot of Tallaght, I need only say for the present that Mr. Stokes, when dealing with the subject, will feel duly grateful for any reliable evidence Mr. Warren can produce towards proving Maelruain a bishop.

Mr. Warren has one notable proof. The letter N, which occurs in the Stowe denoting an unnamed person, he is certain is never found earlier than the tenth century. Well, the Book of Dimma and the Book of Mulling and the Oratio super agonizantem in the St. Gall Fragment, 1395, are all three confessedly earlier than the tenth century. The letter N is found in each of them.

Finally, rather than "retire backwards" (*sic*) with me to the seventh and eighth centuries, Mr. Warren would now follow "such a master" as Mr. Stokes in saying the Irish cannot have been composed before the tenth century, and would assign the whole MS. to the eleventh. But, *litera scripta manet*; Mr. Warren says the scribes of the older Latin part and the scribes of the Irish were contemporary, while Mr. Stokes thinks this Latin portion belongs to the eighth century. The master and the disciple thus force each other to follow me nearly all the way.

Those conversant with the subject can now judge how far Mr. Warren is entitled to intervene in the present discussion.

B. MACCARTHY.

"THE BLUE VASE" AND "THE PRUSSIAN VASE."

Cambridge: July 12, 1887.

As a matter of curiosity one would like to know where Mr. Baring Gould got the materials

for his story, "The Blue Vase," in *Belgravia* for June, 1887 (p. 421). The plot of the tale and many of its leading incidents are identical with those of Miss Edgeworth's story, "The Prussian Vase," in her *Moral Tales*, vol. i., p. 167 (edit. 1832). Miss Edgeworth in her preface clearly claims this, as well as the other tales in the collection, as her own invention.

WM. WRIGHT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, July 19, 8 p.m. Victoria Institute: Annual Meeting. Address by Prof. Stokes.
SATURDAY, July 23, 10 a.m. Geologists' Association: Excursion to Sheppey.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

OBITUARY.

AUGUST FRIEDRICH POTT.

THE last of the triumvirs who founded the study of comparative philology—Bopp, Grimm, and Pott—has departed. Prof. Pott, as the papers inform us, died at Halle on July 5, in his eighty-fifth year. I have at present no books of reference at hand, and cannot tell where he was born, how he was educated, when he became professor, and what were his titles and orders and other distinctions. Though I believe I have read or consulted every one of his books, I cannot undertake to give even their titles. And yet I feel anxious to pay my tribute of gratitude and respect to one to whom we all owe so much, who has fought his battle so bravely, and whose whole life was consecrated to what was to him a sacred cause—the conquest of new and accurate knowledge in the wide realm of human speech. I believe he never left the University of Halle, in which he first began his career. He knew no ambition but that of being in the first rank of hard and honest workers. His salary was small; but it was sufficient to make him independent, and that was all he cared for. Others were appointed over his head to more lucrative posts, but he never grumbled. Others received orders and titles: he knew that there was one order only that he ought to have had long ago—the *Ordre pour le Mérite*, which he received only last year, fortunately before it was too late. He never kept any private trumpeters, nor did he surround himself with what is called a school, so often a misnomer for a clique. His works, he knew, would remain his best monuments, long after the cheap applause of his friends and pupils, or the angry abuse of his envious rivals, had died away. What he cared for was work, work, work. His industry was indefatigable to the end of his life; and to the very last he was pouring out of his note-books streams of curious information which he had gathered during his long life.

A man cannot live to the age of eighty-five, particularly if he be engaged in so new and progressive a science as comparative philology, without having some of his earlier works called antiquated. But we ought to distinguish between books that become antiquated, and books that become historical. Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, in their first edition, contain, no doubt, many statements which the merest beginner now knows to be erroneous. But what these beginners are apt to forget is that Pott's mistakes were often inevitable, nay, even creditable. We do not blame the early decipherers of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, because in some of their first interpretations they guessed wrongly. We admire them for what they guessed rightly, and we often find even their mistakes extremely ingenious and instructive. I should advise all those who have been taught to look upon Pott's early works as obsolete to read his *Etymologische Forschungen*, even the

first edition; and I promise them they will gain a truer insight into the original purposes of comparative philology than they can gain from any of the more recent manuals, and that they will be surprised at the numberless discoveries which are due to Pott, though they have been made again and again, quite innocently, by later comers. In Pott's time the most necessary work consisted in the collection of materials. Overwhelming proofs were wanted to establish what seems to us a simple fact, but what was then regarded as a most pestilent heresy, namely, that Greek, Latin, Teutonic, Celtic, Slavonic, and Sanskrit are cognate tongues. It was Pott who brought these overwhelming proofs together, and thus crushed once and for all the opposition of narrow-minded sceptics. It is quite true that his work was always rather massive, but massive work was wanted for laying the foundation of the new science. It is true, also, that his style was very imperfect, was, in fact, no style at all. He simply poured out his knowledge, without any attempt at order and perspicuity. I believe it was Ascoli who once compared his books to what the plain of Shinar might have looked like after the Tower of Babel had come to grief. But, after all, the foundation which he laid has lasted; and, after the rubbish has been cleared away by himself and others, enough remains that will last for ever. Nor should it be forgotten that Pott was really the first who taught respect for phonetic rules. We have almost forgotten the discussions which preceded the establishment of such simple rules as that Sanskrit *g* may be represented by Greek *β*, that Sanskrit *gāus* may be *βούρ*, and Sanskrit *gam* *Baiva*. We can hardly imagine now that scholars could ever have been incredulous as to Sanskrit *ksh* being represented by Greek *κ*, as to an initial *s* being liable to elision, and certain initial consonants liable to prosthetic vowels. The rules, however, according to which *d* might or might not be changed into *l* had to be established by exactly the same careful arguments as those according to which the vowel *a* is liable to palatal or labial colouring (*e* and *o*). And when we look at the second edition of Pott's *Etymologische Forschungen*, we find it a complete storehouse which will supply all our wants, though, no doubt, every student has himself to test the wares which are offered him. The same remark applies to his works on the Gipsies, on Personal Names, and on Numerals; to his numerous essays on Mythology, on African Languages, and on General Grammar. Everywhere there is the same *embarras de richesse*; but, nevertheless, there is *richesse*, and the collection of it implies an amount of devoted labour such as but few scholars have been capable of.

In his earlier years, Prof. Pott was very "fond of fechtung"; and when we look at the language which he sometimes allowed himself to use in his controversies with Curtius and others, we cannot help feeling that it was not quite worthy of him. But we must remember what the general tone of scientific wrangling was at that time. Strong language was mistaken for strong argument, and coarseness of expression for honest conviction. In the days of Lachmann and Haupt, no one was considered a real scholar who could not be *grob*. Pott caught the infection; but, with all that, though he dealt hard blows, he never dealt foul blows. He never became the slave of a clique, and never wrote what he did not believe to be true. He must often have felt, like Goethe, that he stumbled over the roots of the trees which he himself had planted; but he remained on pleasant terms with most of the rising generation, and, to the end of his life, was ready to learn from all who had anything to teach. He cared for the science of language with all the devotion of a lover; and he never forgot its highest aims,

even when immersed in a perfect whirlpool of details. He had, in his younger days, felt the influence of William von Humboldt; and no one who has ever felt that influence could easily bring himself to believe that language had nothing to teach us but phonetic rules. Pott's name will remain for ever one of the most glorious in the heroic age of comparative philology. Let those who care to know the almost forgotten achievements of that age of heroes study them in Benfey's classical work—*The History of Comparative Philology*. F. M. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIPTIONS FROM NAUKRATIS.

Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge:
July 9, 1887.

I owe many thanks to Prof. Hirschfeld for his care in criticising my theory in detail, and especially for his offer to continue the discussion till I am convinced. I accordingly venture to express once more the difficulties I still feel, and I should be very glad if he could finally dispel them.

I much regret that I have in one small matter, as he suggests, committed a blunder that has complicated the discussion. On p. 224 of my paper (*Journal of Hell. Stud.*, 1886) I meant that the fourth and last form of μ was not to be insisted on. Inscr. No. 305 in *Naukratis*, I. is the only one I mistrust; No. 1b is as good and clear as any.

Concerning the date of the foundation of the city, I cannot complain if I have been assumed to hold the same views as Mr. Petrie, since I had not expressed any difference of opinion. My view is in some respects intermediate between Prof. Hirschfeld's and Mr. Petrie's. But I must still hold that the Milesians were, as Strabo implies, at Naukratis before the time of Amasis. Now Prof. Hirschfeld makes the following statement: "After what Herodotus says, there cannot be any doubt that neither a Greek city nor Greek temples had been founded at the place before that king." I would only ask him one question. How then does he explain the fact that the scarabs, which belong, as he himself acknowledges (*Rh. Mus.*, 1886, p. 219), to the time before the accession of Amasis, are not of Egyptian make, and were found mixed with fragments of early Greek pottery? Unless some other explanation of this fact can be found, we must suppose that it points to a Greek settlement before Amasis. The evidence of Mr. Petrie's extremely accurate and careful excavation is explicit on this point, and cannot be lightly set aside.

I may as well say at once that I have no more materials in reserve to throw light on the time before Amasis. This is as might be expected if none but Milesians were at Naukratis during that period.

I come next to the purely epigraphic side of the question; for, though the presence of Greeks at Naukratis makes possible the occurrence of inscriptions earlier than Amasis, it does not of course prove that any of the inscriptions we possess are really so.

In the first place, I do not "perceive that my manner of dealing with them is wholly unjustifiable," because the inscriptions I regard as most ancient are very few, while 700 later ones have been found upon the same site. The earliest Attic inscription (also on a vase, *Mittheil.*, 1881, p. 106 sqq.) is completely isolated, while many hundreds of Attic inscriptions are known of the sixth and fifth centuries; yet its authority for the earliest Attic alphabet is not generally disputed. The most characteristic of the earliest Naukratite inscriptions are distinguished

from the rest both by the fabric of the pottery on which they are incised, and by the position where they were found; Nos. 2 and 4 are from the bottom of an early well, and are on a ware more primitive in character than any other found at Naukratis, except an amphora from the charred stratum, which is certainly much older than Amasis, since it is at some depth beneath the scarabs; No. 1b and the thick drab bowls were found near the bottom of the undisturbed trench in the temenos of Apollo, and are also of very early ware, No. 1b resembling the pottery found at Daphnae, where no Greek inscriptions were discovered. None of the inscriptions for which I now claim a date earlier than Amasis contain any form, such as open H, which is usually later; and so I do not see that I can be in this matter charged with failing to appreciate epigraphic evidence.

I cannot close without once more acknowledging how much I am indebted to Prof. Hirschfeld and others for their valuable criticism. I yield to it so far as to acknowledge that the connected series of inscriptions, beginning probably with that of Polemarchus, may perhaps not be earlier than the reign of Amasis and the foundation of the Hellenion. I only claim exemption for some examples earlier in style and form; and this claim hardly seems unreasonable, since the testimony of excavation, as clearly observed and stated by Mr. Petrie, shows that Greeks lived in Naukratis before Amasis. The assumption that those Greeks were Milesians is no more than is justified by history and tradition; and, if so, their presence offers the easiest explanation for the abnormal forms of letters that are found.

I do not wish to enter on a general discussion as to the value of epigraphic evidence, as compared with the observation of levels. But it should be noticed that the latter method has exceptional advantages upon a smooth and perfectly level surface of hard mud, while on rocky or hilly ground it is comparatively valueless. On a site like Naukratis there is no reason to expect that a thing once buried should ever change its position: and similar strata are found at the same level throughout the city. Mr. Petrie's observations, as recorded in *Naukratis*, I, have been fully borne out in every detail by the results of the work that I conducted on the same site in the following season.

ERNEST A. GARDNER.

Bromley, Kent: July 8, 1887.

I trust Prof. Hirschfeld will not put me down as necessarily "passionate or prejudiced" when I object to his statement about Naukratis, that, "after what Herodotus says there cannot be any doubt that neither a Greek city nor Greek temples had been founded at the place before" Amasis; and to his declaration that "the epigraphic evidence against the existence of the Greek town before Amasis is so overwhelmingly strong," &c. What the epigraphic evidence is I may well leave to Mr. Ernest Gardner; but, as being most familiar with the archaeological evidence, I must decidedly say that the Greek foundation of Naukratis, long before Amasis, is so clearly shown by the remains found that epigraphists would do well to pause and consider whether they have as good evidence from any other place to authenticate a different view.

To take one point of the simplest kind: the scarab factory in Naukratis was clearly in Greek hands, for the Greek export trade to Rhodes; the hieroglyphic inscriptions are continually blundered, and many of the designs are such as no Egyptian could have made. We are asked then—under pain of being "passionate or prejudiced"—to believe that Greeks in a town supposed to have been founded by Amasis continually made scarabs bearing the names of his predecessors, but never commemorated the

king who was most important in their view. If Amasis first settled the Greeks there, we should not expect to find the names of deceased kings of the previous line, whereas their names often occur; and we should expect to find his name, but it has never yet turned up. There is no question in this about levels, which Prof. Hirschfeld demurs to, but of the occurrence and non-occurrence of names in exact contrariety to his view.

But this scarab factory is not the oldest thing in the town. Two feet beneath it—and two feet take half a century to accumulate, on an average—there is a burnt stratum which underlies all the south half of the town. Everything out of this stratum is distinctively Greek, and not Egyptian, and there is no trace of Egyptian remains in the earlier parts in general.

So much without regard to levels; but I must observe that levels at Naukratis are worth more than in almost any other site. The town was founded on a perfectly level mud-plain, and was added to very uniformly by waste of the mud-brick houses, so that its levels are remarkably regular. To anyone who has stood in the excavated heart of the town, and seen in section the long white lines of road-mending stretching across it without a foot of rise or fall, the regularity is surprising. Of course, certain quarters accumulated (*e.g.*, with potters' burnt rubbish) at a different rate to others; but this I have been careful to notice, and no conclusions as to age have been drawn from comparing different districts.

It is difficult to see how "articles which are easily and naturally scattered about" can have been scattered in ancient times far down in level layers under the surface, or up into unformed strata. If modern scattering is hinted at, I must say that levels were always carefully verified and measured at once, and no case in which any doubt existed was recorded. I must also lay to rest the fable about things sinking through Delta soil. To anyone who has chopped flake by flake through the hard, tough, old clays of the Delta, with their smooth polished fracture, and seen fragments light and heavy lying just as they were deposited, such a notion seems to need no refutation.

The evidence from Daphnae as to ages of pottery is strikingly in agreement with that of Naukratis; but as that is still, after eight months, in the printer's hands, I will not yet adduce it. W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

IN view of the meeting of the International Congress of Geologists, to be held in London next year, a certain number of American geologists have undertaken to prepare reports on the various formations as developed in their own country. The Nomenclature Committee of the Congress will assemble at Manchester during the forthcoming meeting of the British Association. Sir J. W. Dawson has recently suggested a scheme of federation among English-speaking geologists, whereby uniformity might be secured on questions of nomenclature and classification.

THE Yorkshire Naturalists' Union, which has its headquarters at Leeds, will have ready for issue next month *The Flora of West Yorkshire*, by Dr. Frederic Arnold Lee. Prefixed to the catalogue of plants, which enumerates more than 3,000 species (including ferns, mosses, lichens, fungi, and freshwater algae), will be three preliminary chapters, dealing with climatology, lithology, and bibliography. There will also be a map, coloured to show the natural divisions adopted. The book consists altogether of about 800 pages, and will be issued to subscribers at fifteen shillings.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE PIPE-ROLL SOCIETY.—(Annual General Meeting, Friday, July 1.)

H. C. MAXWELL LYTE, Esq., vice-president, Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, in the chair.—Mr. H. S. Milman, Director of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. F. C. Bayard, Mr. W. J. Hardy, Mr. G. C. Miall, Mr. William Page, and other members of the society were present. At the request of the chairman, Mr. James Greenstreet (the hon. secretary) read the report of the council for the financial year, 1885-6. The account of the hon. treasurer (Mr. Walford D. Selby) showed that after paying for three volumes, the Pipe Rolls for the eighth, ninth, and tenth years of Henry II., a balance of £10 remained to be carried forward to the next year. The report and accounts were then unanimously adopted.—In moving the adoption of these reports, Mr. Lyte commented upon the comparatively large number of libraries announced in the report to have become subscribers to the society. He observed that such accessions to the members of a society were always peculiarly welcome, because the support of private individuals was of necessity more or less fluctuating in its character, while, on the other hand, the co-operation of such institutions as All Souls' College, Oxford, and the Athenaeum Club—to quote the two first names on the list of twenty-five accessions—once obtained, it was pretty certain that so long as the publications of the society gave satisfaction their support would not be withdrawn.—Mr. H. S. Milman, in seconding the adoption, spoke at some length upon the value of the evidence recorded on the Pipe Rolls, as illustrated in a paper read the previous evening before the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Page, a member of the Pipe-Roll Society. The speaker also enlarged upon the benefits likely to accrue to the society by the decision of the council to bring out, not only a volume of our earliest and most valuable unpublished charters, but also another to include a large number of the Final Concords or Feet of Fines belonging to the reign of King Richard I. This would give, he said, variety to the publications, and be likely to furnish matter of interest to a wider circle. The hon. secretary stated that the University of Upsala had that morning applied to be enrolled among the subscribers to the society.—A vote of thanks to the Deputy Keeper, proposed by Mr. W. J. Hardy, and seconded by Mr. Miall, closed the proceedings.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, July 6.)

Sir PATRICK COLQUHOUN, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. C. Leland, on "The Literary Training of the Memory and the Eye." Mr. Leland said, firstly, that the memory of any child could, by a process of exercise and reviewing, be developed to an incredible extent; secondly, that this would be balanced and aided by training the mind to quickness of perception. With this he included eye memory or visual perception, in which Mr. Francis Galton has made extensive researches. Finally, he explained the system of developing the constructive faculties and of industrial art education, which he originally introduced into the public schools of Philadelphia, and which has since been extended to those of New York, Austria, and Hungary, and which is followed in the classes of the British Home Arts Association. This system includes the preparation of boys for all pursuits, commercial, agricultural, or technical, and of girls for domestic duties.—The president, in commenting upon Mr. Leland's elaborate paper, instanced several persons of remarkable memory who had fallen within his own knowledge.—Mr. Whitehouse confirmed the reader's remarks as they referred to the teaching in Oriental schools.—Sir James Crichton Browne pointed out the results which had been attained by modern physiology in the investigation of the brain centres and their control of the various faculties.—Mr. P. H. Newman contended that high art cultivation might be unattended by any extraordinary development of memory.—Dr. Douglas Lithgow desiderated the differentiation of individuality in Mr. Leland's paper.—Dr. Zerfil maintained

that the general development of the intellectual faculties ought to precede any technical instruction; and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, after expressing a cordial acquiescence in the educational methods expounded by the reader, intimated some doubt touching the precise character of the end sought to be obtained, since memory ought always to be controlled by judgment and experience, and as to art, general cultivation was only possible up to a certain standard without the possession of special gifts.—Mr. Leland, in his reply, said that he had never meant to state that the summit of excellence could be reached without the possession of genius.

FINE ART.

THE STARK EXHIBITION AT NORWICH.

THE Norwich Art Circle have a very proper sense of their responsibilities as guardians of the traditions of a town so celebrated in the annals of English art. This is their sixth exhibition. The previous ones have been devoted generally to the works of living painters of the neighbourhood; but last year they had a gathering of the drawings of J. Thirtle, a water-colour painter whose name is not known so well as it should be outside of Norwich. He was a contemporary of Crome and Cotman, and deserves a place among the circle of painters of the great time of the Norwich School. This year it is James Stark who is honoured; next year, it is to be John Sell Cotman.

One of the best of recent purchases for the National Gallery is a Stark; and judging it by the light of the Starks at Norwich, it is not only a good but a very good Stark, with an unusually fine sky, and a breadth of treatment and a sense of space he did not often manifest. Indeed, Stark at his best is good, and he is generally at his best when most closely following his master Crome. At his worst, nay even at his second best, Stark is not strong, somewhat niggling in touch, opaque in shadow, dry in colour and hard in definition, especially in his figures. Taken all round, he is a second-rate painter, whose present fame may be said to be due to his alliance with his master Crome and his fellow pupil Vincent, to both of whom he was inferior.

The finest pictures at Norwich are the "Sheep-Washing—Morning," lent by the Rev. H. H. Carlisle, and the Duke of Sutherland's "Penning the Flock." The latter is Crome-like, the sky luminous, though uninteresting, the sheep well massed and lighted, the figures well placed but awkward; the former is richer in subject, with its well massed carefully drawn trees, its pool of water and its men, its sheep and its dog. Both these seem pure untouched examples of Stark at his best, and are worthy of a place in any collection of masters old or new. Richer in colour and effect are two pictures lent by Mr. A. Andrews, "Near Stratton-Strawless Common," and "The Grove"; but their depth and brilliancy seem suspicious as we glance at their neighbours.

The Norwich Art Circle issue very pretty catalogues illustrated with lithographs cleverly drawn by the members, which preserve an interesting record of the exhibitions. The examples of Stark are well chosen, which is not always the case with illustrated catalogues. The lithographs include two portraits of Stark: one as a good-looking young man with dark eyes, by J. Clover, seated in a landscape painted by Stark himself; another as a kind-looking old man, after a drawing by R. Hollingdale. Among the best pictures illustrated are a "Landscape with Cattle" belonging to Mr. George Holmes; Mr. Thomas Wells's "The Keeper's Cottage"; and Mr. Harvard's "Road Scene with Ford," besides the two pictures already noted as the finest.

The catalogue would be interesting if it were only for the copy of one of the very rare letters of "Old" Crome, in which he gives some excellent advice to his former pupil about skies and breadth and the importance of "giving dignity to everything you paint."

Not the least attractive part of the exhibition is a number of water-colour sketches lent by Mr. A. J. Stark. These are free, unconventional, dexterous, frequently fine in colour, and happy in their seizure of transient effect. They seem on the whole the work of a more original observer and a freer draughtsman than the painter in oils, and enlarge our conception of Stark's natural gifts. Some interesting etchings by Stark are also shown by Mr. James Reeve.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE NEW ROOMS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE opening of the half a dozen new rooms, great and small, in the National Gallery—with all the re-arrangement of the pictures this has involved, with all the better display it has permitted—is by far the most important event of the later part of the art season. And the result is assuredly one on which the director, Sir F. Burton, and the keeper, Mr. Eastlake, are to be congratulated warmly. The architectural effect too of that which has just been added—whether by way of splendid chamber, or of staircase aglow with the reds of African marble—is immensely more to be commended than the somewhat pretentious effect of the alterations of nine years ago. It is fitting that these changes should have been made; but, as the unique object of a National Gallery is the display of the national pictures, it is still more satisfactory to be able to record that what has been done assists this first and last of worthy aims.

Our National Gallery is rich—almost superfluously rich indeed—in that early Italian art of which Mr. Monkhouse has lately discoursed with so un-academic, with so human, a touch in a little handbook at this moment beside us; and the gallery's riches in this art of the primitive—of the babe and suckling of painting—have never been so convincingly set forth as under the present system. Again, our representation of the Venetian school—of that full maturity of art, in which men uttered what has still its whole original meaning for us, and uttered it with mastery of means, with perfection of style—our representation of that school, we say, has never until now seemed so dignified and so satisfying. But it is unnecessary to go through department after department. Suffice it to say, on this head, that whatever changes have been made in the arrangement of the pictures are, in almost every case, improvements. The classification is as convenient for the real student as for the most unlearned or least sympathetic visitor.

Two things—as has been pointed out elsewhere—and, it may be, two things only, now require to be done in order that the gallery may be yet more worthily representative of the different schools, and of the England that has made it. One is the enlargement, upon every conceivable opportunity, of the representation of English pictorial art, which is rising daily in the estimation of the wise, and which the future will rate so much higher yet. And English water-colour ought to be represented, as well as English oil-painting, or how narrow a view will hereafter be said to have been taken of what were the real achievements of English art. The other thing is the bold and generous addition, to what the gallery at present contains, of some fitting representation of French eighteenth-century work. This thing, like the other, is now generally admitted—nay, has been

repeatedly urged—by those whose knowledge and whose sympathies give them claim to be listened to.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES, whose artistic taste has always, like that of his master Whistler, had a Japanese turn, is now at Yokohama studying and sketching. From a letter recently received from him, he appears to have met with a very cordial reception from the Japanese in general, and Japanese artists in particular. Special entertainments have been arranged for him; and on one occasion thirty Japanese painters were invited to meet him, all of whom made sketches in his presence, and presented them to him. He, with the aid of an interpreter, gave the artists a little lecture concerning his views on art, and met with a very sympathetic hearing. As might have been expected, Mr. Menpes is charmed with the people, their costume, and their art, which they carry into every detail of life. Unusual interest will attach to Mr. Menpes's pictorial records of his stay in Japan, some of which will be exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswells next season.

WE have received Mr. Frederick Keppel's daintily issued translation of M. Lebrun's catalogue of "The Etchings and other Prints of Jean François Millet" (New York: Keppel.) Only two hundred and fifty copies are printed. There are some significant memoranda by way of illustration; and the literary interest of the little book—an interest which, in the ideal *catalogue raisonné* is never quite neglected—gains by the presence of Mr. Keppel's introductory notice, biographical and critical, founded, of course, a good deal on Sensier's biographical volume, but likewise a good deal on Mr. Keppel's own close observations and enquiries. Millet appears to have wrought only about thirty pieces, and these include a few lithographs and woodcuts. It should not therefore be difficult—were it not for the extreme rarity of a very few of these things—for the collector to possess himself of the whole engraved or printed work of the artist. Méryon's important work—that which is accepted as the "art work of Méryon"—does not, it is true, include a greater number of pieces; but then there is his "minor work," which has to be taken account of also, perhaps even to be collected by the very industrious or the very devoted. Mr. Haden and Mr. Whistler, who are not only "still with us"—which is more than can be said for poor Millet—but in the fullest conceivable vigour to boot, have each produced about six or seven times the number of prints, Sir William Drake's *The Etched Work of Francis Seymour Haden* containing a hundred and eighty entries, and Mr. Wedmore's *Whistler's Etchings* chronicling something like two hundred and fifteen prints from the hand of the great American. On the other hand, Bracquemond and Jacquemart, among great masters of the needle, have done decidedly less; and Millet's contributions are not so scanty but that what is called "immortality" may yet be secured for him. The publication of this pretty little catalogue by Mr. Keppel occurs opportunely to the collector, but at a moment much too late for it to be necessary for the critic to discourse upon the characteristics of Millet's manly and sincere art. Let us, on the other hand, occupy ourselves amiably in noticing the inevitable blunder. In print 14, "Les Bêcheurs" ("Two Men Digging"), the one can hardly fairly be described as standing "nearly erect." He is a little less bent than his comrade, it is true; but that is nearly all. Let us add that M. Lebrun's own collection of Millet's prints—the only quite complete one in

existence—is now in America. It is the property of Mr. Keppel, it would seem, to whom we tender our acknowledgments for the pretty translation of the catalogue and for his own contribution as well.

THE new number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) does—what so many merely popular magazines entirely fail to do—justify its existence, and promises a yet more excellent performance in the future. Mr. Matthew Arnold's early poem, "Horatian Echo," here appears of course for the first time. Mr. Selwyn Image writes on design, and Mr. Herbert Horne has some penetrating notes on Rossetti—things well said, both of them. Mr. Burne Jones is an exquisite ornamentist, with as sure an instinct as that of a Japanese for the proper patterning of any given space; and his frontispiece, in illustration of a passage from the "Song of Songs," which is Solomon's, is as restful a piece of work as we have gazed on for a long while. The reproduction of a pen-and-ink drawing of Rossetti's—which shows Miss Siddal making a portrait of the artist—is welcome as a bit of literary or art history, and is done, evidently, by an excellent process. The *Hobby Horse* will not be in great demand at the suburban railway station, but those who buy it will value and keep it, and they will, perhaps, prove to be among the wise.

MESSRS. BELLMAN & IVEY, of 37 Piccadilly, have on view a collection of replicas from some of the principal works of sculpture now or recently exhibited in Paris and London.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE shall next week be able to give some account of the play by Mr. Stanley Little and Mr. Haddon Chambers produced, with great success, at a *matinée* of Mr. Charrington's at the Vaudeville on Tuesday.

TO-NIGHT Mr. Henry Irving bids adieu to the Lyceum audience until the spring of next year, as he goes into the provinces and then to America. The piece selected for performance is "The Merchant of Venice," in which the actor has always been seen to great advantage: indeed, he has made Shylock quite one of the most impressive of his parts. Again, Miss Ellen Terry's great reputation may almost be said to date from her personation of Portia at the old Prince of Wales's. Thus the choice of play for a farewell performance could not possibly be improved upon. And the audience will wish to hear what Mr. Irving has to say to them when the play is over. What is to be the next thing done on his return? Is it to be "Coriolanus" at last, or a revival of "Macbeth," or some wholly new play?

THE old tradition that one weekly newspaper has always to behave as if no other existed having, we suppose, died out, it may be permitted to us to refer with cordiality to a series of articles on the safety or dangers of the London theatres now appearing in the *Saturday Review*. They will please no manager, unless, indeed, the manager of the Adelphi or of the Grand Theatre at Islington. But they will be, we trust, of immense service to the public, both in strengthening the hands of the authorities and in administering to the playgoer a timely caution. They are very bold—very alarming, if the truth must be told; but, we doubt not, they are entirely accurate. And how soon—we shall proceed to enquire—will the authorities begin to act upon the information which journalistic enterprise and courage alone have successfully gathered and set forth? After the publication of these articles, it will,

indeed, be the very gravest and shamefullest of public scandals if the matter which they discuss goes unremedied.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

DRURY LANE was crowded on Monday evening. "Les Huguenots" was given with a strong cast, and with the fifth act partially restored. Of course numerous cuts were made in the work, which, if given in its entirety, would last to an unreasonable hour. Meyerbeer's opera requires to be effectively mounted; and Mr. Harris certainly put forth his whole strength. There were new dresses and newly-painted scenes. In the matter of artists the manager made wise use of the excellent material at his command. Mme. Nordica played and sang the part of Valentine with much skill and considerable dramatic power. She is not, however, fully equal to the rôle, though she was evidently stimulated to do her very best by the admirable singing and acting of M. Jean de Reske as Raoul. Miss Maria Engle, as the Queen, made up in looks and pretty singing for what her voice lacked in power. Signorina Fabbri was the Page, but the *tremolo* spoilt some otherwise good efforts. The male portion of the cast was uncommonly strong. There were the two De Reskes, the one as Raoul, the other as St. Bris. M. Victor Maurel was admirable as Nevers, and Signor Foli looked well as Marcel. The minor parts, too, were creditably sustained. The chorus singing was admirable. The "Rataplan" chorus in the third act was rendered with much vigour, though the Huguenot soldiers would have done well to imitate the movement of their leader's hands. The orchestra was at times too loud, and once or twice a little ragged; but, on the whole, Signor Mancinelli deserves great praise for the orchestral accompaniments. "Les Huguenots," as performed at Drury Lane, is likely to prove as great an attraction as either "Don Giovanni" or "Faust."

Miss Arnoldson was unable to appear, as announced, in "Traviata" on the following night. "Rigoletto" was substituted, with Mlle. Groll in the rôle of Gilda; and she met with much success.

Glinka's opera "La Vita per lo Czar" was given for the first time in England at Covent Garden on Tuesday evening. It is more than half a century since the work was first produced at St. Petersburg. It has enjoyed considerable popularity in Russia, to which the plot, founded on an incident in the life of one of the Czars, and the music with its strong national flavour, have undoubtedly materially contributed. Considering the time at which it was written, it is certainly highly interesting. The composer, born in 1804, visited Italy in 1830, and made himself acquainted with the Italian school of singing; and the influence of Italian composers is shown on many a page of his score. Then he was for some time a pupil of the famous contrapuntist Dehn at Berlin, and studied hard at counterpoint and fugue. He turned the knowledge thus acquired to good account; for, in some of the choruses and concerted pieces of his opera, there is fugal and canonic writing which is clever and interesting. It is not of a dry, pedantic kind, but fresh, and therefore pleasing. Glinka's music is not remarkable for originality, and it is more or less patchy; but one cannot but admire the honest way in which he expresses his thoughts, the earnestness with which he aims at producing dramatic effects, the skill with which he employs national melodies or successfully imitates them, and the boldness of his attempts at characterisation. In the first act we specially note the opening fugal chorus, and the concerted and choral music at the close.

In the second act a "Cracovienne" and a "Mazurka" served to introduce some genuine Polish dancers. The third act commences with a charmingly plaintive song, sung with much effect by Mme. Scalchi. This act contains some of the best and most dramatic music. Certain Polish soldiers form a plot to carry off the Czar, but this is defeated by the self-sacrificing loyalty of the Russian peasant, Ivan Susanin. The interview between the peasant and the soldiers is one of the most exciting parts of the opera. We must not forget to mention a short and quaint bridal chorus in 5-4 time. The fourth act is, on the whole, dull. The fifth act, considerably curtailed, concludes with a vigorous chorus. We have not described the plot of the opera, for it does not possess any special interest; and we doubt whether the work, in spite of much merit, will ever become popular in this country. Musicians will, however, be glad of the opportunity given to them of hearing it. The performance was, with some few exceptions, very good. Mme. Albani took the part of Antonida, and sang throughout the evening with brilliancy and fervour. Signor Gayarre, as the lover Sobinin, was much applauded. Signor Devoyod (Ivan) sang excellently the bass music, but was not quite at home in his part. Of Mme. Scalchi we have already spoken. Signor Bevnigani proved a skilful conductor. The house was well filled.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MISS PAULINE ELLICE, eleven years of age, gave a concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday, July 7. By playing Beethoven's Concerto in C minor she forced comparison between herself and the youthful pianist, Josef Hofmann, who performed that work quite recently. It is, perhaps, a pity that she—or rather those having charge of her—did this in such a marked manner; for, although a remarkable child for her age, she cannot, even with the advantage of years and hands able to strike the octave, produce anything like the effect which he does. If, as we have intimated, it would be wise to withdraw Hofmann for a time from public life, this will apply with even greater force to Miss Ellice. Let her study and bide her time, and she may, one day, astonish the world.

Mlle. JEANNE DOUSTE gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall last Saturday afternoon. The first piece in the programme was Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 22). The young lady is clever; but her rendering of that work showed very plainly that she has much to learn, and also certain things to unlearn, before she can do full justice to herself. She was more successful afterwards in pieces of various kinds; but the Beethoven Sonata was that from which one could best form an opinion of her powers, both as player and as musician.

MR. C. HALLÉ gave the eighth and last of his series of recitals at St. James's Hall last Friday week. There was an interesting programme, including Haydn's Quartette in A (Op. 20, No. 6); variations on a Schumann theme for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Iwan Knorr; Schumann's Fantasia (Op. 17) for piano; and the ever popular "Kreutzer" Sonata, interpreted by Mme. Norman-Néruda and the concert-giver. This series, just brought to a conclusion, has been, both with regard to the selection and performance of works, one of the best ever given by Mr. C. Hallé.

JOSEF HOFMANN gave his fifth and final pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon. The chief piece of the programme was Mozart's Sonata for two pianos, which he played with his father. He was heard besides in pieces by Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. The hall was crowded.